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From Publisher—To You

WOMEN will be interested to know that the Mussolini who says, in the interview printed in this issue, that he is crushing birth control in his country so that Italy may have more man-power, is the same Mussolini who has never, as a husband, taken his wife to the city of Rome since his accession to power.

WHEN you read the interview you will notice that Mr. Collins asked no questions about Mrs. Mussolini or the Mussolini children, of whom there are now four, a new one having just arrived. Perhaps this was because when Mr. Collins first projected his trip to Italy we expressed a hypocritical fear that the dictator might have him cast into prison if he did.

QUESTIONS or no questions, nevertheless Il Duce very evidently considers that woman's place is in the home—an easy belief for a virile man who has secured a satisfactory mate.

ALL of which brings up the interesting speculation: Where do our women suffragists stand on this question—once Theodore Roosevelt's favorite—and what has become of suffrage, anyhow? We remember dimly some talk of women reforming the world with the vote. And then some more talk. And then the vote. And then silence.

WHERE are the new suffrage leaders of today? Are there any in the rising generation? Do women believe their old leaders really knew what they wanted when they fought for suffrage? What are women interested in today? What do they want now?

THE Outlook has asked these questions here because it intends to print some of the answers in an early issue, in the form of articles upon the subject. Men, as a rule, have ceased temporarily to believe in achieving individual happiness or a social millennium by mass action. Now that equal suffrage is an old story, it will be interesting to find out if women have come to the same conclusion.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Benito Mussolini

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The Outlook

Volume 147 November 16, 1927 Number 11

Mussolini Wants Man-Power

A Direct Interview with Il Duce

By PAUL V. COLLINS

AS I entered the great room which is the center of Fascist power in the Chigi Palace, Rome, it seemed to me like a commodious business office rather than a seat of political authority.

Il Duce—"the Chief"—Signor Benito Mussolini, rose from his seat behind a large desk burdened with many papers and books. He did not wait for me to approach, but with quick, vigorous steps he strode around the desk and met me midway with a cordial hand-shake. Then he indicated a chair before the desk, while he quickly returned to his own seat, to plunge instantly into the center of his subject in response to the question:

"Your Excellency, what are the outstanding problems confronting Italy today?"

"Economical! Entirely economical. We must develop our industries, our agriculture, and our—what is the word? —our marine."

Just for a moment did he hesitate on that word "marine," as he turned to my volunteer interpreter—an American-Roman—for prompting. How has this busy man acquired English? No biography indicates that he has ever been in England, certainly not in America. Yet he spoke with hardly any trace of foreign accent. He talked "American" rather than "insular" English. Recall that young Benito Mussolini, the son of a Milan blacksmith, became a tramp in Switzerland, seeking employment and finding a prison. But recall, too, that he holds now an honestly achieved degree from a college—that he has been an editor and an essayist, writing a notable essay in English on Milton's "Paradise Lost." He was a poet, a connoisseur of art, and a linguist before he became the political dictator and national leader of 44,000,000 Italians—successor to the Cæsars.

"The problems are economical!"

He was again out of his seat, stirred by enthusiasm, leaning both hands on his desk and peering into my face.

"Economic? In developing Italy's agriculture, do you believe the increased yields will keep pace with her augmenting population?"

"Yes; we have already doubled the production of food since Fascism came into control, and we can go on increasing production and keep up with our yearly increase of half a million population."

"Then, since the United States limits immigration and allows Italy a quota of less than 4,000 a year, where Italy formerly sent more than 100,000 emigrants to America annually, there is yet no fear of over-population?"

"No; we are sending many emigrants to Buenos Aires who would have gone to the United States. But we do not send them without knowing in advance that they will prosper. They must have assured employment before we grant visas."

Italy counts upon an average income of about $2,000 from every emigrant she sends out. This is from the revenue of passage in Government-owned vessels (and they must voyage only in such vessels), from subsequent visits to relatives in Italy, and from remittances while abroad.

"You will keep pace with your increase of population in food production? Or, in view of the closing of America's doors to unlimited immigration and the lack of Italian colonial possessions, do you advocate birth control?"

"Certainly not birth control," answered the Chief, emphatically.

"Fascism's conception of moral and religious problems is rooted in a profound sense of spirituality. My Government desires to prevent the diffusion of those deplorable tendencies toward limitation of offspring which are having such grave consequences in other nations. The traditional fecundity of the Italians must not be checked by such insidious propaganda, disguised under a pseudo-scientific cloak, as has made progress in North America, England, and Holland."

He omitted mention of France with her falling birth rate. Then came to mind the stand of our late President Roosevelt on birth control; the parallel of the two great leaders was striking in more than one respect.

"The danger of voluntary birth control," continued Mussolini, "is not grave in Italy. Nevertheless, the Government, considering it wisest to attack before being attacked by such a peril, has arranged for means of crushing the first serious traces of any such propaganda.

"The great wealth of the nation is the vigorous florescence of the Italian family, which recognizes that in the multiplication of its sons lies the strongest instrument for Italy's uncheckable world expansion."

I asked, "Can Italians afford large families?"

"It is significant," he answered, "that the provinces in which birth control has

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(C) Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

To clothe the nation

made any marked progress at all are those from which temporary emigration to foreign nations is most intense, hence those which are most exposed to foreign customs. The Government's campaign against birth control has received the enthusiastic approval of the Holy See, and this illustrates the moral and religious coincidence of Fascism and Catholicism.

"I have cited in an official National Order of the Day all Italian families having more than ten children. There are 18,350 such families—a glorious testimony to Italian fecundity. Out of every 10,000 families, 21.36 are of this type. And the provinces richest in children are the Venetian, which are the wealthiest in Italy.

"A people may die of exhaustion, but not through richness of men; through sterility, not fecundity. The most formidable of all raw materials is manpower. It alone can assure to a nation the road to power and to the conquest of the future."

(What significance has that phrase, "conquest of the future"?)

"Your confidence in Italy's ability to feed the increasing population through better farming coincides with what the agricultural scientists of the International Institute of Agriculture told me yesterday," I remarked.

Yet in the face of this double affirmation of optimism appear official Italian statistics showing an increase of importations of grain in the last five years, while, by decree, no pure wheat may be used in baking without admixture with some other grains home-grown in Italy. The Fascist nation is eating war bread today—"by decree"—but perhaps the explanation of the increase of importations coincident with the boasted doubling of home production is that with full employment of the entire population none go hungry.

"How do you purpose, your Excellency, to develop agriculture? By means of large holdings, so that it will be possible to use large improved farm machinery? Or by small units for individual farmers?"

"By small farms," he answered, "ten or twenty hectares. But we shall use modern machines—tractors and gang-plows." (A hectare is about two acres.)

"How is that possible? We have not been able in America to do so on small farms. How can your small farmers buy tractors and other implements?"

"Oh, the landowner will supply all machinery and give the use of the land and tools. He gets half the crop."

"Then it is on farms rented on shares that Italy's agriculture will be developed?"

"Yes. You know, we let all farm machinery and benzine [gasoline] come into Italy free of duty. We want the best."

Farm renting is not counted usually as most conducive to strong and permanent development of farm life. Among American farmers the dread of farm renting and farm landlords appears to be the "black beast" of agriculture. They talk with foreboding of our making "peasantry" out of our farmers, but

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An American self-binder used in harvesting wheat in rural Italy

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Ewing Galloway, New York

WHAT COLUMBUS NEVER SAW

The busy harbor of Genoa, where the development of Italy's marine is obvious

in a country where always the "landed proprietors" have owned many square miles, all worked by tenants (once by slaves), the "peasant" is not an innovation; he is the normal farmer.

The Italian landowners, under Fascist influences, see the need of modern farm machinery, and, while the many tenants upon the estates will each do his own cultivating, they will have the advantage of all the economies of bonanza farm machinery. Down with the wooden plow!

And they are learning to appreciate deep plowing, for Italy suffers from drought, and "dry farming" is desirable. They accept plowing thirty inches deep as fairly "deep" plowing, but in some orchards the soil is broken with dynamite more than two meters (nearly seven feet) down. Yet they know nothing of our Mid-West methods of subsurface soil packing to bring water within reach of the roots, nor of a surface "dust-blanket," to stop evaporation of moisture when it has climbed up to the surface.

"How are you developing industry, your Excellency?"

"By greater discipline. Remember that the spirit and character of the Italian is greatly changed since the war —especially since Fascism was adopted."

"You favor the American methods of mass production?"

"Yes. And Italy stands first in all the world in development of hydrodynamic power. Italy ranks second in Europe in its marine, and third in the world."

"Will the Italian workmen submit to the severe routine and monotony of mass production, in which one man does just one particular thing, all day long? His stunt may be to put one certain bolt in place as the machine moves past him on a belt. Will the Italians do that?"

"Oh, yes; they are doing it."

"What will be the influence on Italian æsthetics when mass production is developed? Will the lovers of the beautiful find a decadence of taste in such methods?"

"No; they will always keep in touch with the artists. They will continue to make things beautiful, even when produced in great quantities—like the Fiat automobile."

"What if Henry Ford should come to Italy and compete with the Fiat?"

"Henry Ford is already in Italy. He has works at Trieste. Yet the Fiat continues."

True, the great Italian Fiat automobile factory, employing thousands of men, continues to run; but for months there has been public anxiety concerning it, and on the very day of the interview the report was published (even in a country where all news is censored) that 10,000 men at the Fiat had been discharged.

There is said to be in Italy no "unemployment problem," for the Government forbids either strikes or lockouts. All labor disputes must be arbitrated by a magisterial court of three justices and two experts in the particular trade involved. Employers cannot discharge men without Government consent.

The Fiat—the "Ford" of Italy—has been struggling, and it is reported that, following a visit of its President to Premier Mussolini some months ago, the Government has supported it by buying many tractors, for which there is no immediate need.

"Here, I'll give you some pamphlets that tell about our policies of development."

Il Duce did not ring for a secretary to find the pamphlets, but strode to a table bearing stacks of booklets—perhaps twenty-five or thirty kinds—in Italian, German, French, and English, and, while continuing to talk, he searched out titles of English booklets to give his caller, as expressing his version of the problems. There was not a sign of termination of the interview, but I indicated my readiness to depart. Mussolini walked beside me across the spacious room, and at the door he gave me a cordial hand-shake and friendly smile of adieu.

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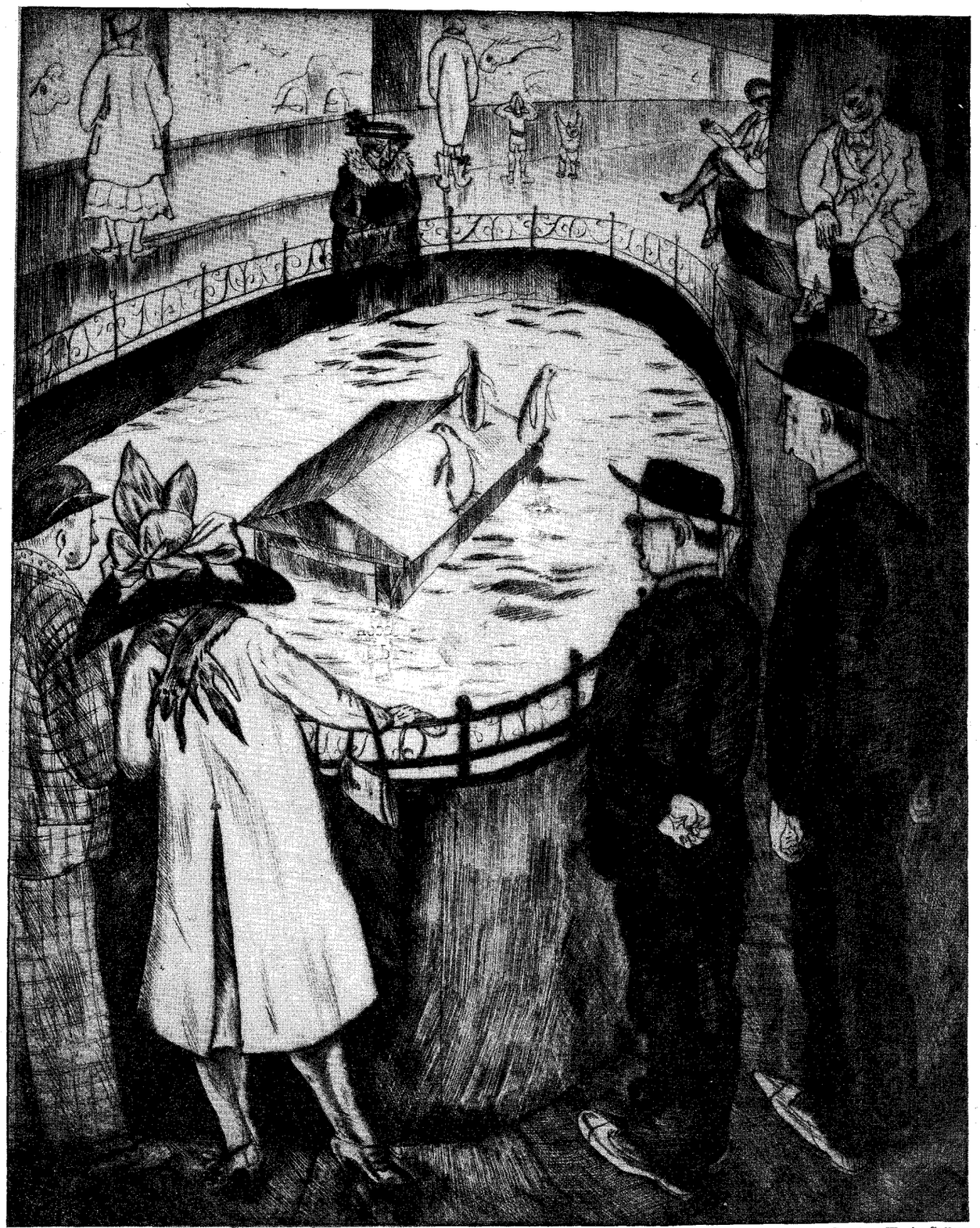

An etching by Peggy Bacon

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

PENGUIN ISLAND

This work of an illustrative satirist shows a fine understanding of the use of black and white and mastery of the etcher's line. This young American artist is also a poetess and a writer of stories for little children

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THE WEEK

Gilbert Warns Germany

THE young American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, S. Parker Gilbert, has warned Germany that her economic policy is not sound and that she is heading for trouble if she continues along her present road.

Responsible for securing settlement of the war-damage accounts of the Allies and America, Mr. Gilbert addressed to the German Government on October 20 a long memorandum. It has just been published. The burden of it is that unwarranted Budget increases in the salaries of civil service employees and public officials and in pensions and payments to retired officials, together with unregulated borrowing and spending by German states and municipalities, threaten to swell expenditures and loan obligations to a point endangering fulfillment of the reparation program.

Germany replies that the Budget estimates represent the strictest economy, that all loans have been used for productive purposes, and that the stabilized currency shows what progress has been made. The Government would be expected to defend itself. But the Finance Minister, Dr. Koehler, seems to have allowed himself somewhat weakly to be persuaded into approving salary increases for officials the full import and scope of which he did not at first realize. He has since indicated that some of the proposed raises cannot go through in the face of the opposition of the Agent-General.

The disposition in Germany is, of course, to contend that the nation cannot bear the burden of reparations imposed by the Dawes Plan. The present challenge to the Agent-General does not seem to have been caused by an intention to create trouble for him, but rather by log-rolling among political factions to please their constituencies. It will nevertheless inevitably intensify the German antagonism to the reparation plan. The stage is set for a dramatic test of strength after next year, when the full schedule of payments comes into effect.

For the first time, the American Agent-General has had to censure Germany drastically in order to protect the Dawes Plan for making good war damages to the Allies and the United States.

Uncle Sam, Creditor

BY the end of December various foreign governments will have paid the United States for the year 1927 $163,586,000 of war debts. Of this vast sum, Great Britain alone will have paid $92,575,000. The United States has charged off as uncollectable the Russian debt of $250,000,000 and the Armenian debt of $16,000.

If Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, were Secretary of the Treasury, would he reject the ninety-two millions of British gold as an attempt to corrupt the patriotism of the American people?

Industrial War in the Subways

A ROYAL legal battle appears to be impending between the subway companies in New York City and organized labor over the question of the limits of the court injunctions relating to industrial disputes.

When, about a year ago, a threatened strike was averted by a somewhat loose compromise, it was generally predicted that nothing but the maintenance of friendly relations between labor and capital in the subway management could prevent the essential questions involved in that dispute from recurring. That is just what seems to have happened now.

The Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation has, so the employees allege, recently discharged employees because of their relations with a union not approved of by the company. The other great transit corporation, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, has taken the aggressive in a legal effort to make membership in unions not approved of by the road impossible. This company has lately announced its intention to apply to the New York State Supreme Court for an injunction which, if granted, would enjoin the American Federation of Labor and its President, William Green, and all its other officers and its members, said to number 3,000,000, from either calling a strike of subway workers or of urging them to join the union known as the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees. An injunction on such a scale is unusual and carries the possibilities of enforcement by the courts in industrial disputes to a great range.

The Amalgamated Association is what is called an outside union and is the successor to another outside union which was engaged in controversy with the company some time ago.

If this injunction is granted, the question will arise whether the dissatisfied employees will have strength enough to carry on the contest with the companies. The question in dispute, however, is whether the employees, as a body, are satisfied with what is called the company union, which is alleged by many of them to be a mere sham and not to represent the men fairly. The members of this company union are numerous, because membership in it is made a part of the contract which every employee signs.

Some of the leaders of the employees assert that the Interborough Company has offered to teach the less skilled workers to become certified motormen, which is a sign, they say, that the company is preparing to force a strike and is getting ready to meet it.

The whole controversy has made it evident that the relations between employees and employers in this industry are not friendly and that there is no general attempt on the part of the employers to give the employees fair representation in arranging conditions of work and compensation. Such amicable

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relations have been established, for example, in Philadelphia. There, there is a company union; but conditions make unnecessary the presence in the industry

S. Parker Gilbert
(See preceding page)

of the labor unions associated with the American Federation of Labor.

Industrial warfare creates fighting unions; the only alternative is industrial democracy.

The Mystery of the Ford

MYSTERY and expectation are as potent in big business as in detective stories. For months we have had rumors, contradictions, and speculations about the new Ford car. What will it look like? What will it cost? How fast is it?

Gigantic estimates about mass production, cost of converting the plant to its new uses, loss by the cessation of work on our old family friend Model T, have poured out with figures so vast that almost it needs an astronomer to grasp them. But still as we write, the New Model Ford (which ultimately will take its place, we are told, in the Ford Transportation Museum at Dearborn with Number 15,000,000 of the old model) is behind a high fence. A little later, when the new production line gets up its full speed, from eight to ten thousand Fords may be run off in twenty-four hours.

Well, we must wait and see. This is an age of standardization, division of labor, small profits and big sales—and assuredly Henry Ford is its prophet and the Ford its chief exemplar. The loss by cessation of sales between the old and the new will quickly be made up as the cash pours in from those of us who have been saving up our money and who have faith in Henry Ford's promise that the new Ford will be the best low-priced car he knows how to make, that its price will be as low as business principles make possible, and (we think we may hope) will also please the taste as well as the purse of the American common people.

It is interesting to note that the name of Ford is coming to be known in air traffic as well as on the highway. A press despatch from Detroit describes a trip from Cleveland to Detroit in a giant all-metal airship of dealers who were privileged to inspect the mysterious motor car. This was incident to the opening of regular air-passenger service under Ford control.

Meantime public curiosity about Model A (as the new Ford car is designated) continues keen. Henry Ford has been such a magician in producing the seemingly impossible that one naturally wonders why the new model was not produced as soon as the old one ceased to be. But delay in production, so far from making the public indifferent, has whetted the public's curiosity. It is doubtful whether any advertising could equal in value this period of secrecy.

Everything else having been capitalized, Henry Ford now capitalizes delay.

Poincaré and France's Pocketbook

POINCARÉ does not feel that his miracle of reorganizing France is complete. Taking advantage of the occasion of the dedication of a war memorial at Bar-le-Duc on October 15, he sounded the first warning note before the meeting of Parliament on November 30. The spring of 1928 will see a general election in which the future of his national Coalition Cabinet will be at stake.

The political break, if it occurs, will naturally not wait for the election, but will come in the election preparations. The chief danger lies in the proposed electoral alliance between the Radical-Socialist Party, numerically the strongest in the Chamber of Deputies, with the Socialist Party, which adheres to the non-Communist Second Socialist International. Edouard Herriot, formerly Premier and one of the leaders of the Radical-Socialist Party, is a member of the Poincaré Ministry of National Union, as are some of his colleagues. An electoral alliance of Radical Socialists and Socialists, under the leadership of Léon Blum, would oppose the Poincaré Ministry and probably prevent it from holding office.

Foreseeing exactly this, the Premier said in his Bar-le-Duc address: "It has never been more indispensable to achieve in an orderly manner and with mutual confidence a monetary and financial restoration which is not yet complete, which could be forever compromised by imprudence, by carelessness, or by budgetary prodigality, but which controls nevertheless, without the boundaries as within them, the future of France."

In an article in the October number of "Foreign Trade" M. de Sanchez discusses "A Year of M. Poincaré" and says in part:

"Certain observers pretend that the success obtained by M. Poincaré in the solution of the financial reform of France was almost entirely due to the confidence which the middle-class Frenchmen had in his personal honesty and capacity. . . . But that confidence would not have persevered if M. Poincaré's acts had not proved that it was well founded. In the space of a year he has balanced the Budget, consolidated the greater part of the short-term debt coming due during the next three years, reduced by more than half the total of the monthly payments of the floating debt, put an end to all the noise about a forced consolidation, and reimbursed a

Premier Poincaré

part of the external short-term debt of the state."

Poincaré has just presented his new Budget to the present session of Parliament. He had practically to force it

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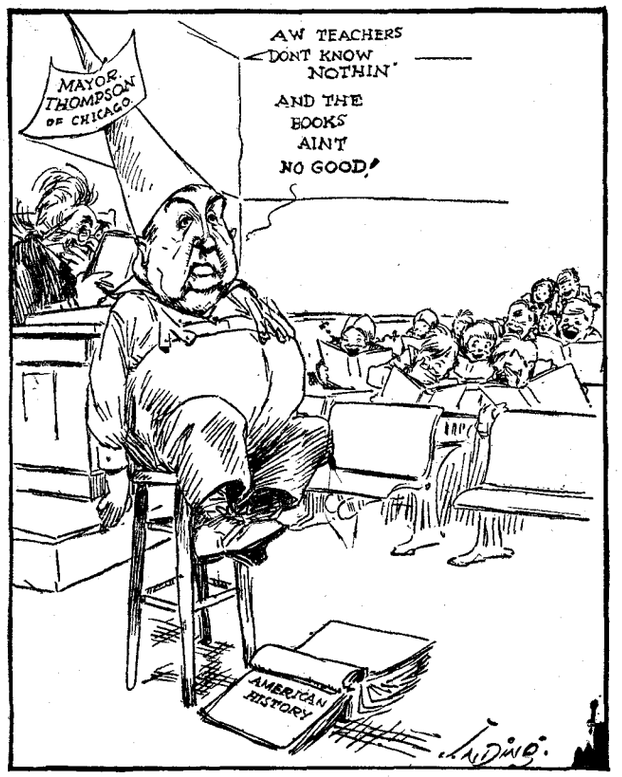
Cartoons of the Week

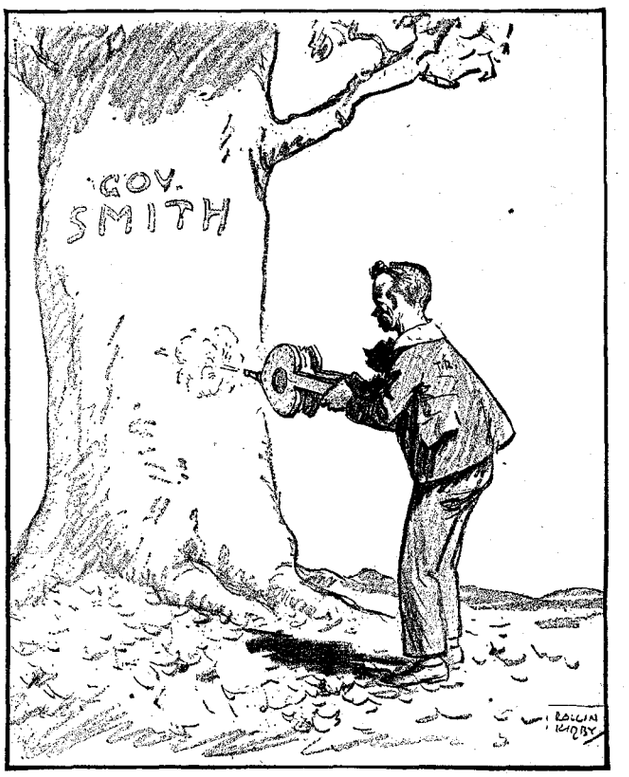
Darling in the St. Paul Pioneer Press



The class will now come to order

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

Kirby in the New York World



The big offensive

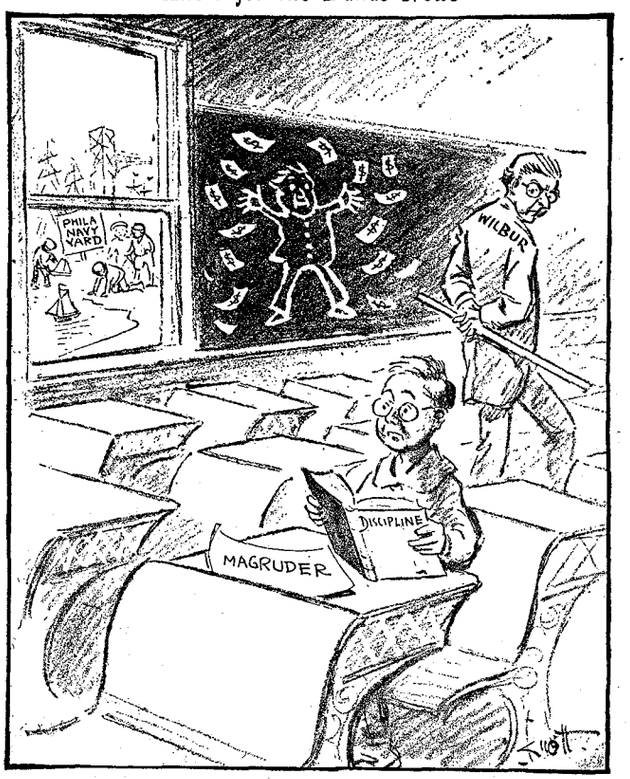
From W. H. Dumoulin, New York, N. Y.

Pease in the Newark, New Jersey, Evening News

Oil is so penetrating!

From J. A. MacArt, East Orange, N. J.

Knott for the Dallas News



Kept in for drawing pictures of teacher

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through the preparatory commission. It calls for a total of 42,000,000,000 francs, with a margin of 500,000,000 francs of estimated income above expenses. The Radicals are expected to try to boost the appropriations, with an eye to pleasing their constituents before the elections.

The Radicals may scheme—but Poincaré stands ready to risk his political life to keep France from spending more than she makes.

Shortening the Transatlantic Voyage

WHILE daring aviators have been attempting spectacular flights across the Atlantic in airplanes, practical men have been making plans on a commercial basis for shortening transatlantic voyages.

These plans are of two types. One type of plans depends upon improving the established means of transportation by the operation of faster boats on shorter routes. Use of airplanes may be supplementary in facilitating the embarkation or landing of mails and, in special cases, passengers. About such plans there is very little that is sensational.

The other type of plans depends upon the use, not of airplanes, but of Zeppelins. According to Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation in the British Air Ministry, as reported in a special despatch to the New York "Herald Tribune," the two giant dirigibles which it has been known for some time were under construction in Great Britain will be ready for service to Canada next summer.

There have been various reports about these British Zeppelins; but they all agree as to the immense size of them. They will have a speed of sixty to seventy miles an hour. They will each carry one hundred passengers besides freight. The accommodations—even to dancing floors—will be comparable to those of a steamship. With a normal commercial load and a cruising speed of about sixty-three miles an hour, each should be able, without refueling, to traverse a distance of 4,000 miles.

According to Sir Sefton, an experimental service between Great Britain and India has not only been planned but is being organized. The first stop from England would be at Ismailia. There a mooring mast has already been erected. At another stop, Karachi, there is another mooring mast. A second route for dirigible service is planned to Australia. It would be profitable to ship gold from South Africa. But these plans seem to be further in the future. Evidently the Canadian service is regarded as a possibility for next summer.

CAPTAIN GRAY'S LOG

Scott Field at 2:33, at 52 degrees temperature.
2:35 p.m., 10,500 feet, 24 degrees.
KMOX on air.
KAHMIAX 27-37, "Sympathy," two bags of sand.
AC. 300 to 500.
KSD; symptoms of rickets; 91 over OKAW. E. Mascautah.
Bar No. 11 turns at 12,000 feet. Drop extra hand rope at 2:40 p.m.
KMOX. Marked 248. Bar No. 14 stopped at 15,000. Left glass foggy.
2:50 p.m., near schoolhouse and east gauge part clear; 16,500.
3:05—19,500 feet. Temperature zero.
KMOX—With compressed oxygen; 23,000.
3:10—Snow, gloves, 8 degrees below zero.
KMOX—"Thinking of you."
WHO, Des Moines—"Sunset," by Ole Olson's Orchestra.
3:13—24,000 feet. Snow.
3:17—44 telling about dying; 29,000 feet, minus 29 degrees; WLS, Chicago, Chonchide.
3:31—Pied Piper; 30,000 feet. Ice, sun clock frozen. Minus 35 degrees; 32,000 feet; WFIW at Hopkinsville, March; 33 degrees below.
34,000 feet; cyl. off antenna. No more music.
10:03 p.m.—Minus 40 degrees; too much air.
36,000—32 degrees below; getting warmer; vacuum in mouth.
39,000 feet—Minus 28 degrees; sky ordinarily blue; sun is bright.
40,000—Last sand bags.

This is the record of what an Army aeronaut in a free balloon heard on the radio, saw, felt, and did on his way up seven and a half miles into the air—his last voyage

The trip between Canada and Great Britain would be about four days.

According to Howard Mingos, who has collaborated with Captain Ernst A. Lehmann, a Zeppelin commander in the World War, in writing a recently published book on "The Zeppelins," Germany is engaged in a friendly competition with Great Britain to be the first to get commercial dirigibles into the air, and the German and British ships will probably race around the world.

Disasters which have led some people to say that craft lighter than air have proved impractical and dangerous have not halted the construction of Zeppelins. On the contrary, they have led builders to make their ships bigger than ever.

Undaunted men are ready to risk their lives that future multitudes may dance their way across the Atlantic five thousand feet in the air.

A Martyr to Altitude

SOMEWHERE aloft where the air is so thin that it cannot sustain life there died the other day another of those men whose records tell the story of man's material progress.

From time immemorial men of each generation have attempted to outdo their forebears. Some have sailed the seas into the unknown. Others have searched wildernesses or sought the ultimate South or North. Captain Hawthorne C. Gray sought to rise above the surface of the earth higher than any other man that ever lived. In his log, reproduced herewith, he entered the record of forty thousand feet, but it is unofficially reported that his instruments indicate an altitude of forty-three thousand. He died because in the rarefied atmosphere of that altitude where an artificial supply of oxygen is necessary to sustain life Captain Gray, it is believed, accidentally cut the tube that connected his breathing mask with the oxygen tank.

As fish, eons ago, climbed from the water to become amphibians, will man some day rise above his earth's envelope of air?

The Fall-Sinclair Mistrial

A TALKATIVE juror and the search of a hotel apartment brought to a sudden close the trial of ex-Secretary Fall and Harry F. Sinclair, oil operator, on the charge of defrauding the Government in the lease of Teapot Dome. The result was a mistrial. That was startling enough; but at the same time facts were ascertained which may disclose an offense much graver than that for which these two men were tried. The talkative juror in the case, according to the affidavit of a newspaper man, remarked that he thought Sinclair was all right, and that he himself would be disappointed if he were not soon riding about in a big automobile. A search of the hotel apartment resulted in the discovery of reports of operatives of the Burns Detective Agency showing that they had been keeping certain jurors under surveillance on behalf of a client which has proved to be Sinclair's aide. These reports showed that the Agency was going into such matters as the financial affairs of the jurors, the mortgages on their property, the debts they owed. It remained to be proved whether such sur-

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veillance amounted to tampering with the jury.

W. J. Burns, called before the grand jury to explain the activities of his Agency, retaliated by declaring that the Government itself had attempted to tamper with the jury, for a Government officer had approached one of the jurors, which his men had no right to do.

It is impossible for us to imagine, however, what purpose there could be in getting such facts about the jurors as the Detective Agency's operatives reported than to bring pressure upon them by the use of money. To do that is daring impudence, in defiance of society. It is that of which the Government suspects one of the men it has been trying for fraud.

Until the case is tried, of course, fair-minded people will suspend their judgment; but they will not have to wait for the case to be tried to be convinced that the use of wealth for the perversion of justice is a graver offense than getting wealth by fraud. The one is an offense against property rights; the other is an offense against that institution of justice on which the protection of property rights and other human rights depends.

It is bad enough to pilfer the ship's stores; but it is worse to scuttle the ship itself.

Marcelline Gives Up

THE younger generation now growing up and beginning to have babies of their own will regret to learn of the death by suicide of the once-famous clown, Marcelline. Twenty-five years ago at the London Hippodrome and later at the New York Hippodrome he was "the children's idol." Of Spanish birth, he gave to his profession of acrobatic clown a new touch of European artistry that made him the talk of the town. But tastes changed and money failed, and the once jovial clown has taken the saddest way out of existence.

Marcelline's meteoric career recalls the pathos of the old French legend of "My Lady's Tumbler."

Chemistry and Civilization

CHEMISTRY is a "key" industry; it underlies any number of other industries in the full sense that without its continued success their success cannot possibly continue.

Now American chemistry is being threatened by Europe's newly announced industrial alliance, made largely to win back, if possible, under efficient German leadership the advantage which the infant American chemical industry began to assume when the World War forced it to swim alone or drown. The industrialists of Germany, France, England, and Italy have just forced a Pan-European Alliance for the express purpose of dominating, not merely the chemical industry of the world, but, if possible, all industry.

Albert B. Fall

This alliance is really a great super-trust, and is, of course, juxtaposed to the non-combined but highly organized American industrial groups. If Europe can do well what America has been doing within recent years, if she can forget bickering with labor and co-operate with it, if she can replace hampering tradition with the unsparing discard of old machinery and the application of modern mass-production machinery, and especially if she can catch the idea of using power in place of muscle, she may once more outdistance America—in which case, all she accomplishes will be deserved. Little need be said concerning Germany's capabilities as a leader in chemical science and chemical industry, at any rate.

Harry F. Sinclair

We suspect that there are people who do not yet realize what modern chemistry is up to. To obtain a sense of the extent of it and to take in its full meaning one must either become a chemical engineer or read some general semi-popular book which takes in its whole sweep, such as H. E. Howe's "Chemistry in Industry" or Floyd Darrow's "Story of Chemistry." Darrow is sufficiently lucid without being insufficiently abstruse to satisfy a professional chemist. The story is, of course, long even to touch on, being interwoven with practically every one of the industries of our age.

If, as is said, this is to be a chemical age, America will have to look to her industrial laurels.

France Seeks Safety

A NETWORK OF ALLIANCES creating a European block of states friendly to France now includes Yugoslavia, along with Belgium to the west and Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania to the east. Paris has just notified the Foreign Offices of other Powers of a new treaty of friendship and mutual defense signed with Belgrade, completing the system begun by French Nationalists some seven years ago.

France does not like to have her new arrangements called alliances. But to all intents and purposes they are. She calls them regional security compacts, as approved by the League of Nations. Flanking Germany, Austria, and Hungary on the east and west and offsetting Italian agreements with Hungary and Albania, they provide a decisive balance of power in Europe at the moment.

Friends of the League have tended to criticise these arrangements by France as disloyal. They argue that she should work through the international association at Geneva. The fact is that France does work through the League, and shows an increasing tendency to do so. But, with Gallic realism, she is not inclined to rely entirely upon it until it has proved fully its ability to safeguard the peace of Europe. Her policy seems

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really consistent and implies no disloyalty to the League.

France seeks security for France —through the League if she can find it there, through alliances until she can be sure of a better way.

"Violanta" Much Too Violent

If an American composer in his teens had asked Mr. Gatti-Casazza to produce one of his operas, what would have happened?

But Erich Korngold had been hailed as a boy prodigy when in 1916 he wrote "Violanta." Moreover, he was Viennese, not American. So, with what seemed to most who heard that jejune work mistaken kindness, the veteran manager of the Metropolitan gave us "Violanta" some ten days ago as the first novelty of a not-over promising season.

It is a short work, in one act, inspired by Hans Mueller, a most lurid and crude playwright. Melodramatic to a fault and far too violent, it tells the story of a lady—the protagonist—who, to avenge a ruined sister on her seducer, one Alfonso (an unscrupulous baritone of royal blood), welcomes the villain to the palace of her husband, where she intends to have him murdered. Unhappily, Alfonso fascinates Violanta. She falls into his arms at last in ecstasy. Whereon her husband very rightly (from the Italian point of view) gets rid of her with the aid of a stiletto. As she expires a chorus sings a dreary song. Alfonso looks on at death unmoved.

Throughout the opera young Korngold has struggled bravely to escape from the influence of two models, Strauss and Puccini. In the opening of an interesting overture, modern in tendency, he does now and then succeed in evading them. Yet his music as a rule is unoriginal and, though amazing as the work of one so young, disturbs the singers by its unmerciful loudness. There are some episodes, though, among them a scene in which Violanta confides her woes to an attendant, in which Korngold is both charming and discreet. The choruses annoy one by their rowdiness.

Under the conductorship of Mr. Bodanzky, the orchestral portion of "Violanta" was interpreted with eloquence, if somewhat stormily. Mme. Jeritza, as the heroine, outdid herself in melodramatic and at times meaningless posturings. She also displayed a gorgeous dress with much dexterity. The honors of the performance, none the less, went first to the Alfonso, Mr. Whitehill, and next to the Metropolitan *couturiers*.

Taken by and large, the new-old opera "Violanta" is a pretentious failure.

In Honor of Shakespeare

It is proving to be an easy task—or rather a grateful pleasure—to raise a fund of a million dollars as America's share in the Shakespeare Memorial Fund. Mr. Rockefeller's gift of half a million dollars, just announced, is to be divided equally between the British and Dominion Committee, of which Viscount Burnham is chairman, and the American committee, headed by Mr. Thomas W. Lamont. This is a striking way of emphasizing the fact that the people of both the United States and the British Commonwealth are heirs to Shakespeare's genius.

The intention is not merely to replace the Shakespeare Memorial Building in Stratford-on-Avon, destroyed in 1926, but to establish a Shakespeare Foundation, which will build the theatre, museum, and library to be included in the plan, and also, it is hoped, to maintain a permanent acting company and provide for the presentation of Shakespeare's plays and the training of actors in Shakespearean rôles.

It is doubtless the intention also to honor the drama's sister art of architecture with an edifice that shall be a fit monument to the illustrious dramatist and poet and in keeping with his age—in other words, to avoid that mistake in the old brick-and-stone Memorial Building that caused Baedeker, thirty years after it was built, to say, "Time has not yet brought it into harmony with its venerable surroundings."

In the future on Avon's banks Shakespeare's magic will move English and Americans, who by this memorial claim kinship with him.

Germany's Next Ambassador to the United States

Evidence of the strength of the Republic in Germany is always welcome in the United States. There is such evidence in the selection of Germany's new Ambassador to Washington.

Like his friend and predecessor, the late Ambassador Baron Ago von Maltzan, Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm von Prittwitz-Gaffron is a liberal with a Junker background. His family is of the Silesian nobility. It would therefore seem as if his selection would be welcome to the Nationalists; but it has been received coolly in conservative circles. This is because Dr. von Prittwitz accepted the Republic from the first. But the protests are not vigorous, because even Nationalists recognize the need of America's friendly understanding of Germany's problems, and therefore the need of having some one in Washington with a democratic way of thinking.

Dr. von Prittwitz, who, at forty-three years of age, now becomes an Ambassador for the first time, is not unacquainted with America, for before the war he was for a short time in Washington. The post which he is leaving is that of Counselor of the German Embassy at Rome. During the war he was in the Chancellor's office.

Germany's envoy at Washington will have a double advantage—he comes of the old régime, but supports the new.

Americans Enshrined in France

In the Pantheon in Paris the French Republic has inscribed the names of thirteen Americans. To find these names the visitor must walk far back through the Pantheon's majestic aisles. In marble around two doors is cut in gold a list of 560 names of writers who died in the World War. Among these men of vision who had "a rendezvous with death" are these sons of America who served under the French colors before their own country entered the war. They are Victor E. Chapman, Henry Farnsworth, Edmond Genet, Russel Kelly, Joyce Kilmer, G. Raoul Lufbery, James R. MacConnell, Paul Pavelka, Norman Prince, Kiffin Yates Rockwell, Alan Seeger, Bernard F. Trotter, and Kenneth Weeks.

These thirteen are not the only foreign names inscribed on this memorial. There are a handful of Belgian and Peruvian names and one or two others. Nothing on the list differentiates them from the native sons here honored. At the religiously impressive ceremony on October 15 when this memorial was unveiled, as each name was cited a member of the Veteran Writers' Association responded, "Dead on the field of honor." Eulogies from various French academies and elsewhere, written in India ink on durable paper and inclosed in a bronze tube, were sealed into the back of one of the panels.

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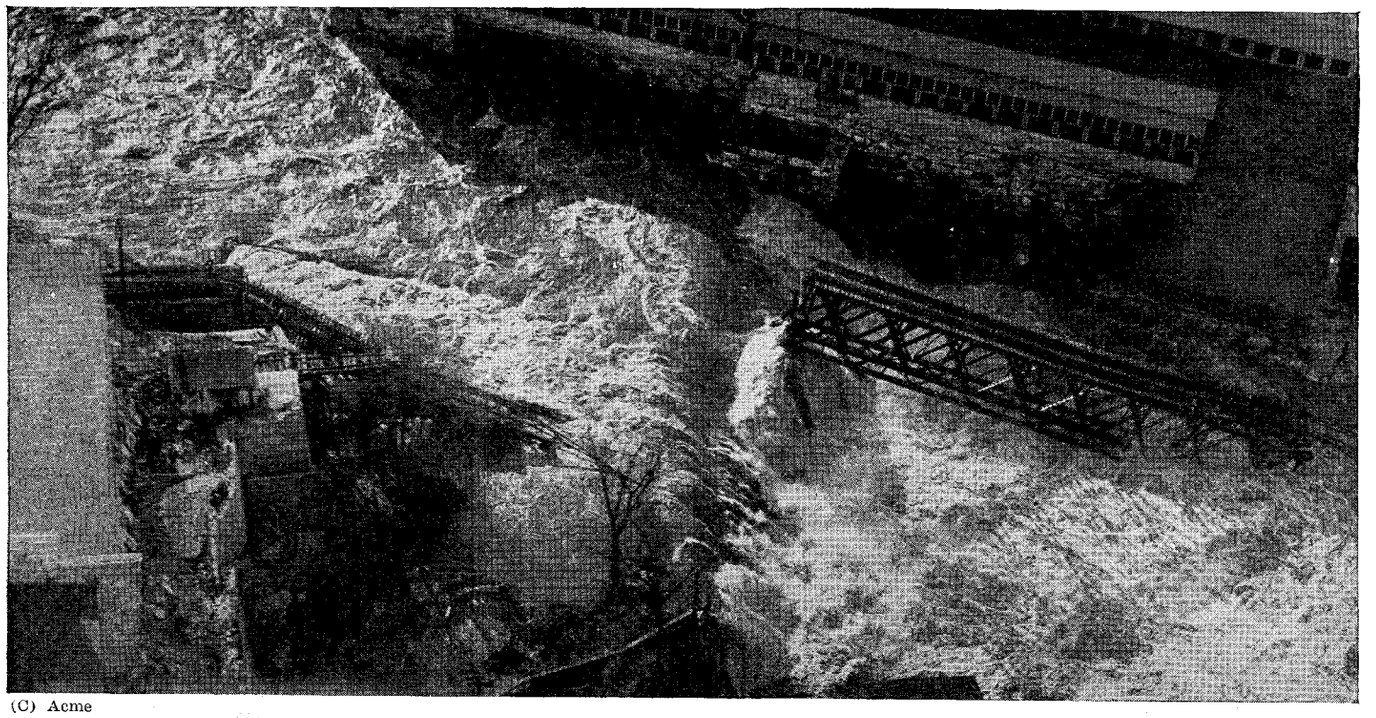

(C) Acme

An air view of the flood at Rutland, Vermont, which washed out the railroad trestle

There in this shrine of patriotism these Americans keep company in spirit with St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, with the Maid of France, with Mirabeau and the other inflaming spirits of the Revolution, with Guynemer, who sailed off into the blue and never returned, with Voltaire and Rousseau and Victor Hugo.

In estimating the forces for national security France knows how to value men of the mind. In losing them, whether they be her own sons or not, she realizes that she loses something incalculably precious and irreplaceable. When she writes their names in a sacred place, she has already written them in her memory.

"The tomb of the dead," as M. Herriot said of the memorial to these martyred idealists, "is, in truth, the heart of the living."

Gomez Executed

ANOTHER Presidential candidate in Mexico has fallen before the firing squad.

In this case it is General Arnulfo R. Gomez who was executed. With him was executed his nephew. General Gomez had been a fugitive for a month. His forces had been dwindling. He had escaped the fate of General Serrano, another aspirant for the Mexican Presidency, who had been captured and shot without even the empty benefit of a court martial. That was somewhat more than a month ago. In the meantime Gomez, seeking refuge across the border in Guatemala, was reported to have escaped. Even before his execution, however, his effort to overthrow President Calles had been a failure.

As long as Mexicans choose their Presidents by bullets instead of ballots, so long Presidential candidates will continue to fall by the same means.

The Connecticut Flood

IN the number of lives lost the flood of the Connecticut and adjacent rivers which has brought unprecedented disaster to New England is comparable to this year's great flood on the Mississippi. In the Mississippi flood the toll of death was 147; by Sunday of last week the death list in the New England flood had reached the estimated total of 125. What the damage to property will prove to be is as yet, and will for some time remain, unknown. In area affected, beside the great territory covered by the raging of the Father of Waters, the flood of the Connecticut seems small; but the inundated region in New England is well populated and its cities are busy with industry. There especially a flood has strong allies in disease and fire. Under such circumstances habits of self-government are of incalculable value; and the people of New England have had long training in governing themselves.

As the flood waters gathered Vermont communities were the first to suffer, and then quickly thereafter communities of western Massachusetts. The city of Rutland in Vermont was partly under water. Montpelier and Barre were isolated from the rest of the world. The little village of Becket in Massachusetts was practically wiped out. In New Hampshire as well as in Vermont and Massachusetts villages and towns were cut off from all communication with the outside world. Later, towns in the State of Connecticut along the Connecticut River suffered. Trains were blocked. Food supplies, such as vegetables and milk, could not be transported. Thus cities outside the flood area as far as Boston were affected.

Aid, of course, was offered at once, particularly by New York and by the Federal Government. Army airplanes were sent out to survey the stricken district. The President despatched troops for relief. Governor Weeks, of Vermont, in the spirit of self-help characteristic of his State, declined the offer of troops, supposing that it was for guard duty; but the Army in such disasters brings other aid—the restoration of communication, for example, and even medical service.

Through experience of the same kind of disaster perhaps the Middle West and New England may be drawn to understand each other better.

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A Public Man's Good Name

GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH may conceivably become President of the United States.

In the meantime his opponents will do well to keep that in mind.

Politicians and critics of public men sometimes forget that the American people have a respect for the Presidential office that extends to those who may occupy it. They resent reflections upon a President's character. They are not likely easily to forgive those who, in the heat of a campaign, have brought unproved charges against a man they elect as President. American history, unfortunately, abounds in instances of such charges; but, fortunately, it affords ample illustration of their futility. To cite but four cases, they proved unavailing, and dishonoring only to those who made them, against Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Warren Harding.

From this time on until the nominations are made next June Governor Smith will be more than ever a conspicuous subject of controversy. The effect of what he says even about State issues in New York will be National. And National also will be the effect of whatever may be said about him.

In the State campaign which ended on election day, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the former President's son, has challenged Governor Smith on several counts. He has declared that in managing the financial affairs of the State Governor Smith has been extravagant; that he has been mistaken in his water-power policy; that in making judicial appointments and in ordering investigations he has been partisan. These are all legitimate subjects for public discussion. It is, of course, the very object of political debate to hold up to the scrutiny of the voters an official's policy and record. But Colonel Roosevelt has gone further than that. He has declared that "the red light district has crawled to the very steps of the State Capitol." Disclaiming any attempt to question Governor Smith's integrity, he has nevertheless let it be inferred that somehow Governor Smith is responsible for conditions of protected vice at Albany. He has named Democratic leaders in Albany who are under indictment for running a gambling pool; he has declared in general terms that Tammany Hall has lived by corruption, and that "Governor Smith was bred in the Tammany fold and is the bell-wether of their flock." But up to the day before election he has produced no proof connecting Governor Smith with the political corruption he describes. It is hard for the ordinary reader or hearer of these charges to believe that in intent they were not an attack upon Governor Smith's good name, a reflection upon his personal fitness for high office; but, whatever they were in intent, that is precisely what they have been in effect.

If there is no proof of Governor Smith's direct responsibility for corruption—and there is none offered—then is Governor Smith to be condemned because of his party?

Who, then, shall escape condemnation? What about Republican corruption? What about the Teapot Dome lease which the United States Supreme Court has declared to be vitiated because of fraud? That was perpetrated not at a State capital, but at the National capital, and under the auspices of a Republican Administration. What about the scandal of the Pennsylvania primaries? That was a product of Republican politics. What about Illinois? Republican. And the noisome corruption in Indiana? Again Republican. Has New York been more corrupt under the rule of Democratic Tammany Hall than have Philadelphia and Chicago under the rule of Republican machines? If the sins of a party are to be visited upon any of its leaders, however high his own integrity may be, then no leader is to be trusted, for there is no party without taint.

Is Governor Smith, then, to be declared unfit because he has not denounced corruption in his own party? Is he to be condemned, not for what he has done, but for what he has not done? Is the charge against him one of unworthy silence? Is a public official to be judged, not by his deeds, but by his words?

What, then, shall be said of President Coolidge? What ringing words of his have stirred the indignation of the country against his party's offenses in Indiana and Illinois and Pennsylvania? Was it President Coolidge that took the initiative in exposing and prosecuting those who had defrauded the Government in the naval oil leases? Is President Coolidge also to be condemned because he has not been a crusader? Perhaps we need a crusader—a man incorruptible, far above suspicion, whose words and acts can burn and cleanse. Colonel Roosevelt, as he himself has said, has denounced the corruption in his own party. Honor to him for that. But that is beside the point. The question is whether the charge against Governor Smith that holds him responsible for protected vice is merely that he has not been a crusader? Is this enough to smirch his name? Surely the charge against a public man must be more than this or else it is nothing.

If a man by temperament, training, associates, manners, or character is unfit for the Presidency, it is of the utmost interest of the American people to know it. If any one has the evidence to support it, innuendo and inference will not do. Let him first be sure that it is irrefutable proof; and then—at whatever cost to himself—let him give that proof to the people. Otherwise silence.

Ten Days in Russia—and Ten Years

TEN YEARS is at least ten times as long as the Bolsheviks expected to be able to stay in power when they drove Kerensky out.

An American who now lies buried under the walls of the Kremlin in Moscow, the correspondent and Communist John Reed, recorded that event in a book which he called "Ten Days That Shook the World." The period that followed might be called "Ten Years That Did Not Shake the World." The fact that the Soviet Government is celebrating its tenth anniversary and that no great change due to the Soviet Revolution has occurred in the rest of the world is a double contradiction of the beliefs the Bolsheviks held when they made themselves the rulers of Russia.

When Lenine and Trotsky overthrew the Kerensky Government, they and most of the chiefs of the Communist Party thought they might stay in office for six months, and hardly dared dream of such political luck as staying in for a year. Sudden violent changes were the order of the day. General Kornilov had bid for command and failed only a month earlier. The impotence of the old army cliques was not as evident as it became later. Any one who was in Russia and had means of knowledge was aware that the idea dominating Communist Party councils was the idea of taking as much

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advantage as possible of a short shrift of dictatorship for the cause of world revolution. Along with the conviction that they would fall before the forces of some other temporary dictator went the conviction that the workers of the world—and the soldiers too—war-weary and sick at heart, would answer the call to revolt. "Proletarians of all lands, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain." How could they fail to respond, with the spectacle before them of their class comrades in control of one of the hugest lands of the globe?

Time went on. The Bolsheviks made their peace at Brest-Litovsk with Germany. The Allies and America won the war. The Kaiser fled from his embittered subjects. Germany became a democratic republic. Austria-Hungary fell to pieces. Brief red flares lighted Budapest and Vienna; then they were quenched. Stambulisky, the radical Agrarian in Bulgaria, fell before the Conservatives. Mustapha Kemal and Nationalist Turkey proved to be anything but Communistic. The workers' rebellion and seizure of the factories in Italy ended in the Fascist march on Rome, the "Black Shirt" militia, imperious industrialism—and Mussolini. In turbulent Barcelona arose Primo di Rivera to master Spain through the army. France, standing guard in the Rhineland, remained quiet. The coal strike and general strike in Great Britain brought the inevitable triumph of middle-class and trade-union common sense. Gandhi and non-co-operation came to nothing tangible in India. And Moscow's last disappointment was the fizzle of the civil war in China.

All the time America, prosperous as never before, and with its labor unions among the most determined antagonists of Communism, watched.

The Bolsheviks long before this faced the problem of consolidating their power. They had designed the first destructive phase of their Revolution to clear the ground, sweep away old institutions, and leave as little as possible for their anticipated successors to work with. Then they found themselves under the necessity of carrying on. The recognition of that fact was Lenine's famous phrase: "We have gone too far. If we wish to advance again, we must retire."

The "new economic policy"—state capitalism with some supervised private capitalism—followed. Meanwhile the peasants, who saw the town workers favored at their expense, disturbed the People's Commissars with their discontent. Lenine died. The policy of placating the peasants by allowing them limited freedom of trade grew up. Stalin finally attained to his present position as boss of the Communist Party, the real ruler of Russia—practically Lenine's understudy. And today Trotsky—once Lenine's right-hand man—is fighting a duel for political life or death with Stalin. The Executive Committee of the Communist Party recently expelled from its membership both Trotsky and his old colleague Zinoviev. The fight between their extremist faction favoring the factory workers as the bodyguard of Bolshevik dominion and the ruling clique favoring conciliation of the peasants and an inclusive state economic system is the picture today. Red Russia, ten years after, finds itself in one of the normal stages of a national revolution.

The world may have shaken, but it has settled down on its foundations. The system of ideas outside Russia has proved stronger, more appealing to the average man, than the system of ideas inside Russia. We have now only to wait and see what form social evolution there will take. Bolshevism as a world menace no longer worries any one—it is a wet bomb.

Between Two Fires

SEVEN hundred members of American churches in a memorial to President Coolidge urge the Government to join with other nations in substituting peaceful methods for force in the settlement of international disputes.

War, they believe, should never be resorted to in settling disputes or enforcing claims, and, except for self-defense against attack, should be outlawed as an international crime.

In particular, they ask that the proposal of M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, that his country and ours should mutually agree to renounce war "as an instrument of national policy" should receive from the President and Senate a prompt and favorable response.

This memorial raises several questions.

Is all war indefensible? If war is hell, is there not something, as Lyman Abbott once said in an editorial in The Outlook, that is worse than hell? If peace is to be pursued, are there not, nevertheless, as Woodrow Wilson said, things "more precious than peace"?

If war is ever defensible—what kind of war? Only, as these memorialists say, a war of self-defense? But is that not making self-interest supreme? Are there not other purposes higher than self-interest—even the self-interest of the nation? Was not the war for the emancipation of Cuba, the sacrifice of the strong for the weak, a more worthy national act, according to Christian standards, than any war by a nation for the defense of its own rights? Were not those who fought for the defense of Belgium actuated by higher motives than those who fought to keep their own boundaries free?

Are these questions too hard for the Church? Shall it stick to theology and let matters of conduct go? It was an English lord who, after listening to a practical sermon by his rector, stalked out of church muttering, "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." Shall the message of the Church be kept out also of the sphere of public life?

In these matters the Church is between two fires.

On the one side is the fire of criticism against the Church for being other-worldly, for withdrawing within itself, becoming a saved, rather than a saving, remnant. By that fire it is driven to participate in social efforts. In a book just issued by the Century Company called "Christianity and Social Adventuring," edited by Jerome Davis, more than a score of writers show how the Church may apply its faith by molding the community in the interest of justice, truth, and mercy.

On the other side is the fire of protest against the Church for attempting to mix in politics, to direct and control legislation, to work itself insidiously into matters of state, to intimidate or otherwise turn to its own ends the force of public opinion, to become a menace to personal and political liberty.

These two fires are wholesome warnings for the Church. It is possible for it to avoid them both. But to do so the Church must walk circumspectly. It is passing beyond its function and its capacity when it undertakes to substitute itself for experts in any social subject, or for the instruments of the state, as the grand or petty jury or the police. But it does not exceed its function when it holds up the spirit of its Master as a model for the state as well as for the individual, for relations between nations, for employer and employee, for the prison and hospital, for the school and the home, and for every relation of life.

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Songs and Swords

A Musician Looks at History

By GEORGE NEWELL

A PISTOL shot. The Archduke of Austria is murdered at Serajevo, 1914, and the World War is the result.

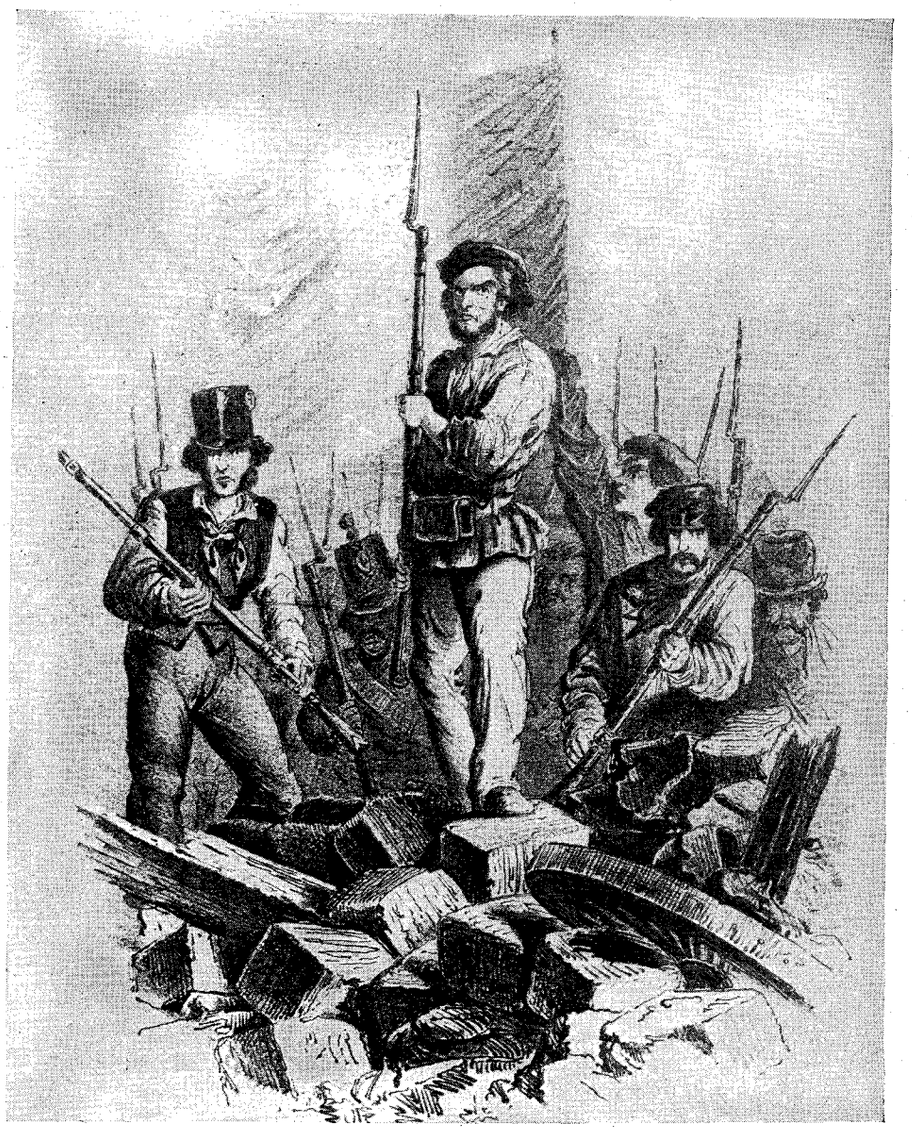
To be sure, the assassination furnishes the immediate spark to explode Europe's tinder-box. But what do historians say in regard to the other less obvious reasons? "Germany desired a larger place in the sun; England was jealous; Italy's growing pains caused resentment of Austria's transgressions," etc.

But how many historians seriously consider music (primarily song) as a potential cause of this war? Where is the chronicler who remarks of the influence on Germany's *Kultur* of the song "Deutschland über Alles," and of similar patriotic songs of the World War participants?

Think back. Recollect some occasion when you were one of a large congregation singing perhaps your own National anthem or some stirring hymn. Recall the electrifying effect it had on you. Could you ever accurately estimate its influence on the thoughts and actions of your life in the years that came after? Then imagine the arrogant point of view that might very well have been brought about by great gatherings of Germans singing on every suitable occasion—

Our Germany, our Germany,
O'er all the world transcending.

A people which from the formative days of childhood have heard and sung such sentiments cannot but be tremendously influenced by them.



POUR LA PATRIE

When one verse of "La Marseillaise" was as good as a regiment of reinforcements

IT is comparatively easy to see and estimate the influence of music on so concrete an event as a battle—a piping band of Scotch Highlanders, for instance. Most historians admit and give credit to the power of music in a case of this kind. But the subtle, yeast-like fermentation of song upon the less spectacular movements of mankind is not so readily recognized.

Would we be exaggerating to claim that the "Internationale" was one of the causes of the Russian Revolution? Though the historians might rightly say: "Yes, but without the oppression of the Czars there would have been no 'Internationale.'"

But what historians can claim that "Lilliburlero" was not an important cause of the English Revolution of 1688 (the uprising against King James II, whose ruthless treatment of Protestants contributed to this uprising)?

Writers of this rebellion speak of this song as "more powerful than a Cicero or a Demosthenes." Its words were merest doggerel referring to the tyrannical conduct of one General Talbot (appointed to the Lieutenancy of Ireland by King James in 1687) and his arbitrary treatment of Protestants. The singing of this song by the enemies of the King, with whom it was tremendously popular, aroused such ill feeling, however, that bloodshed was not long in following.

Lord Wharton, who wrote the words to this "Lilliburlero," boasted that to this tune the King had been sung out of three kingdoms.

"Lilliburlero" continued to be popular in later British campaigns. Then, coming to America, it became, with "Yankee Doodle," one of the popular tunes of the Continental Army. Many a sinking heart was raised by its martial lilt and many a harassed Britisher trembled when he heard it shrilling away on the Yankee fifes.

Another song ranking in historic sig-

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nificance with this "Lilliburlero" was our own popular tune of Civil War days, "John Brown's Body."

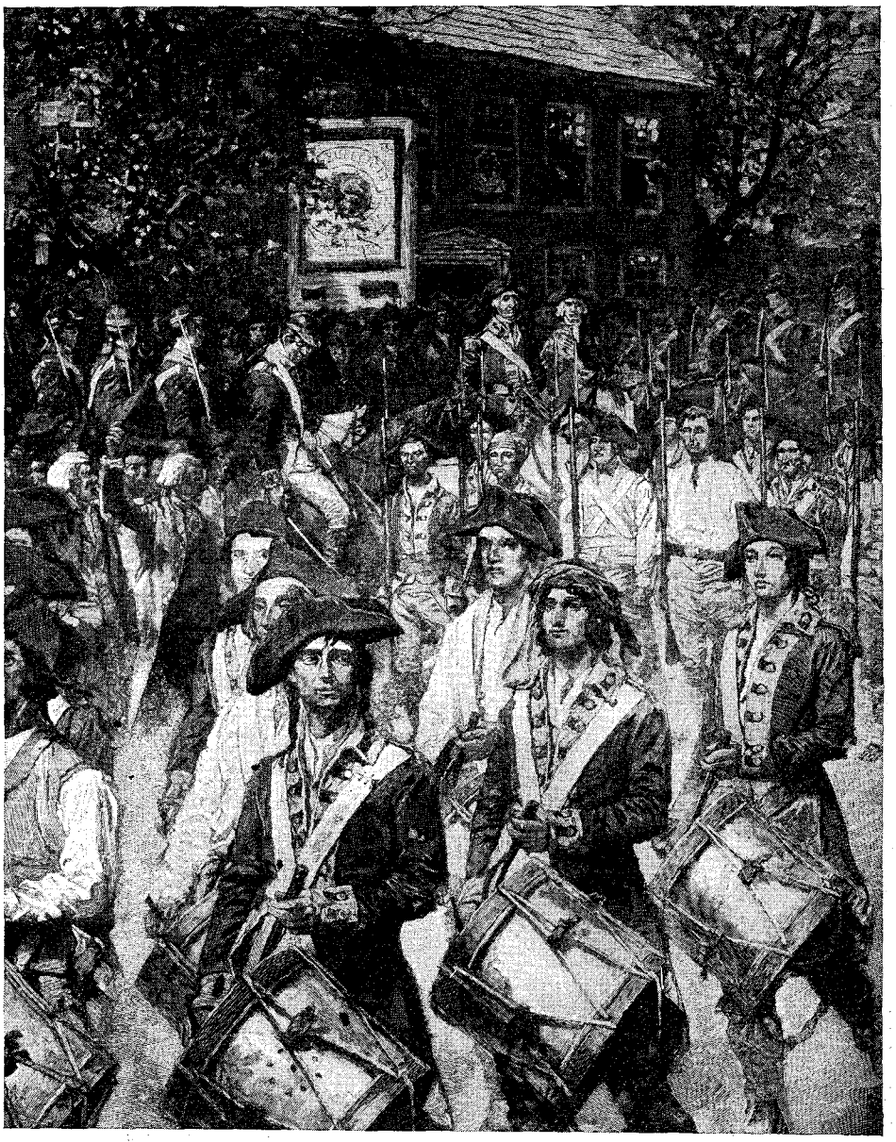
This song, a sort of hymn to the famous anti-slaver, hanged for his activities in freeing the slaves, first appeared in the South just before the Civil War. (Brown was executed at Charlestown, Virginia, 1859.) The song immediately became popular and played no small part in precipitating the declaration of war.

The value of music as a solace or inspiration during times of tribulation, is well known. I have had a marine tell me that but for the "Long, Long Trail" he might never have come back from the hospital at all. And there is the story of the wounded Scotch piper, a leg shot from under him, piping "The Campbells are Coming" to keep up the courage of his comrades in the retreat from Mons, 1914. "Ay, more powerful than rum, it was!"

At no matter what movement of mankind we look, music seems to be an important factor either as an accessory before the fact, during the fact, or after the fact. There are some interesting examples where music has even decided the issue of some momentous event.

In the year 1212 a certain Ranulph, Earl of Chester, being besieged in his castle by the Welsh, sent for help to De Lacy, Constable of Chester. The latter gathered together the many minstrels who were present at the Chester fair and had them play an alluring tune which gathered a vast assembly of townfolk. Then the minstrels marched away, followed by an enamored audience. As they approached the beleaguered castle, they were spied upon by the Welsh, who, thinking them a vast army of relief, raised the siege and departed.

As good a ruse as the Trojan horse was the musical one practiced by Alfred of England in the war with the Danes, 878. Being desirous of information regarding the strength and plans of the Danes, Alfred disguised himself as a wandering minstrel. And as in that day the minstrel was a man of high position and accorded entrance into any court or camp, the approach of such a one to the Danish outpost was nothing unusual, and Alfred was passed within the ranks. He stayed long enough to get the desired information, and left with the best wishes of his enemy whom he was subsequently enabled to out-campaign.



TO THE TUNE OF "YANKEE DOODLE"

"Lilliburlero" was also a favorite tune of the Continentals

This anecdote of Alfred out-foxing the Danes throws interesting light upon the mediæval minstrel. He is perhaps more readily recognizable to modern readers by the name of "troubadour." The political and historic importance of this mediæval singer was enormous. His social station was high—in fact, he often came of good family. His position of influence was analogous to almost that of a present-day newspaper, for his ballads were the chronicles of the time, and because of his value as an entertainer he was always welcome in any court in the land—listened to and believed by all. Honored by the kings and princes, he fought by their side in many a hard-won battle. Witness the prowess of Taillerfer, William the Conqueror's minstrel, who rode singing before the Norman army at the Battle of Hastings, then rushed into the fray and fell fighting.

Richard the Lion-Hearted had a favorite minstrel who occupied a position of trust and influence equal to almost that of a prime minister. Blondel was his name; "stout was his heart and sweet was his harp."

To Blondel's heart and harp Richard owed his life. During the siege of Ascalon, in Palestine, Richard had offended Duke Leopold of Austria so greatly that the Duke (too fearful of the valorous Richard to demand satisfaction of the sword) plotted secretly against him.

Returning from the Crusades, Richard was wrecked on the shores of the Adriatic near Aquileria, in the Duke's dominions, and, though Richard had the forethought to disguise himself as a pilgrim, he was apprehended and imprisoned in the Fortress Dürnstein, poised on the edge of a well-nigh perpendicular rock rising out of the Danube River.

The minstrel Blondel, following his King from Palestine, lost his master and

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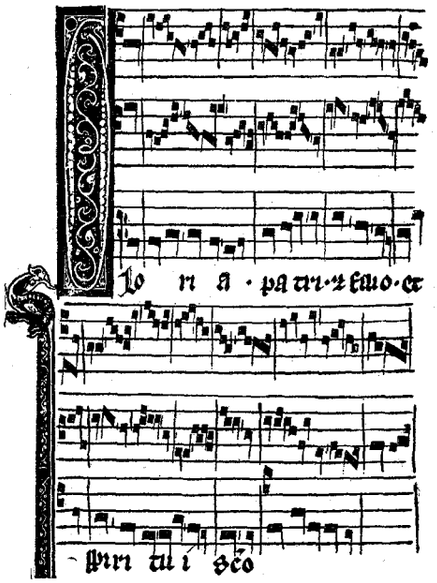


MEDIAEVAL PLAIN-CHANT

Music of the early Catholic Church. The influence of Arabian songs brought back by the Crusaders is apparent in the florid notation

for some time unsuccessfully searched for him. Suddenly remembering Richard's quarrel with Duke Leopold, Blondel betook himself to Austria, where he learned of a distinguished person suffering confinement in Dürnstein.

"It is Richard, to be sure," thought Blondel, "but how to reach him? I may neither bribe nor deal fair to speak with my master, else my own life and his too perhaps be forfeit."

After much thought, Blondel resorted to a trick. In the stillness of the night, taking a station near a window in the fortress where rumor had it Richard was kept, he began to sing an amorous romanza, composed by Richard himself, anent the charms of the Countess Marguerite.

Blondel sang the first stanza only, for he believed that Richard would betray himself by singing the refrain.

With beating heart, the minstrel waited for the voice of his King.

Soon came from the prison the refrain in a hollow but well-practiced voice.

Then did Blondel feel certain that he had found his King. He sped to England, where a treaty was arranged and Richard was ransomed out of prison.

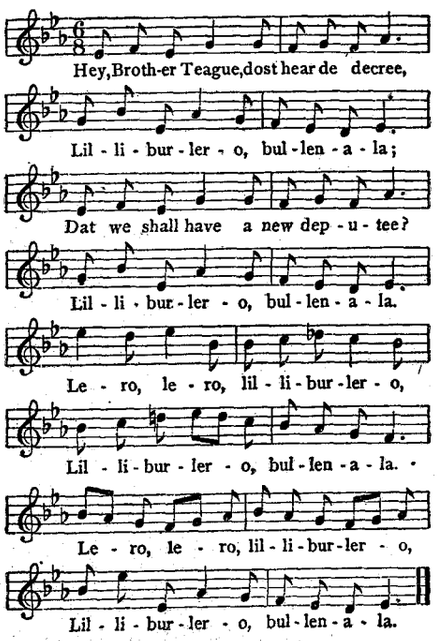
PERHAPS one of the greatest parts music has had to play in the history of mankind, is its part in religion. The commentary of Trader Horn here comes to my mind: "Touch their souls with music and they'll believe the words."

The phenomenal spread of Christianity throughout Europe after the fall of Rome, was in no small measure due to the allurement of the musical liturgy. The work of Alcuin of York, Chief Assistant to Charlemagne, strengthened Christianity throughout France and Germany by means of plain-song. (A most important musical form of the early Catholic Church—chanted to this day in Catholic and Episcopal churches throughout the world.)

It is interesting to speculate here on the subtle effect this music had upon the people who listened to these plain-songs. One cannot live in a certain locality for long without having his life, habits, and thoughts colored by the nature of his surroundings. Mark the difference between a city-bred man and a mountaineer from Kentucky. In a like manner one must be influenced, though less obviously of course, by the nature of the music in so important a thing as church liturgy—particularly where, as was the case during the Middle Ages—the church was the biggest thing in a man's life.

Very good, then—let us grant that there are some grounds for this speculation. Now the plain-chants of the early Christian Church were literally rather plain, smacking of Greek musical origin and lending to the religious service a simple, naïve atmosphere. Then came the Crusades in the eleventh century.

"LILLIBURLERO."


Hey, Broth-er Teague, dost hear de decree,
Lil - li - bur - ler - o, bul - len - a - la;
Dat we shall have a new dep - u - tee?
Lil - li - bur - ler - o, bul - len - a - la.
Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - ler - o,
Lil - li - bur - ler - o, bul - len - a - la.
Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - ler - o,
Lil - li - bur - ler - o, bul - len - a - la.

MUSICAL DYNAMITE

A song to which a king was said to have been sung out of three kingdoms

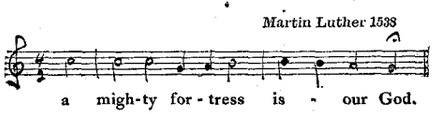
The returning Crusaders brought back a wealth of Arab customs. (The evolution of the present-day violin is believed to have been brought about through Arab ingenuity.) Not the least of the customs brought back by the Crusaders was the florid, decorative style of certain Arab songs. This flowery singing finds its way into the plain-song of the churches and changes to not a little extent the character of the liturgy. And if our speculation be correct, it changed to not a little extent the character of the people who sang the chants.

Ma-dame Ve-to a-vait pro-mis, Ma-dame Ve-to
a-vait pro-mis, De faire é-gor-ger tout Pa-ris, De
faire é-gor-ger tout Pa-ris; Mais son coup a man-
qué, Grâce à nos ca-non-niers. Dan-sons la Car-ma-
gno-le, Vi-ve le son, vi-ve le son, Dan-sons la Car-ma-
gno-le, Vi-ve le son du ca-non!

"LA CARMAGNOLE"

Before the French Revolution an innocent sailor song from Marseilles. Under the Reign of Terror it came to have a most sanguinary significance

In any event, it seems that here is a phase in the historic evolution of Europe upon which the historian might do well to ponder.



Of the "Mighty Fortress" Heine said: "It was the 'Marseillaise' of the Reformation." Who can begin to estimate the strength that it gave to the followers of Martin Luther? It seemed to put courage into the most oppressed. The Huguenots became willing martyrs to the tune of it.

AND so it goes—on every page of history there runs some music; a gay ballad, a solemn hymn, or some blood-tingling march. We have but fleetingly touched the high lights here. But we leave it with the hope that it may prove a gesture, a musician's gesture, to the historians who have sometimes missed the thread of music in the tapestry of history.

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Is Commercial Aviation Here?

By FAY LEONE FAUROTE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, writing in The Outlook, once said: "It is always difficult to discuss a question when it proves impossible to define the terms in which that question is to be discussed." So it is with commercial aviation. Just what is it and how shall we define it? Shall we say aviation at a profit? Or shall we say aviation as applied to business and not to war activities? Or both?

The time has passed when "aviation is a novelty" to many. Yet one field alone, in the last month, saw 14,000 take their first flight; incidentally at $5 each. Whole families, from babes to grandmothers, returned to earth, their thrilling experience over. Yet not so thrilling, after all; quite tame, as a matter of fact, for flying *per se* is monotonous, slow. Forty per cent of the passengers taken on long trips go to sleep after the first excitement of flight is over. Yet at that it beats the scenic railway!

But is the danger of flying past? Yes and no. Air-mail pilots have flown thousands of miles on schedule through all kinds of weather—in winter and summer, in rain and in sleet, in fog and in moonlight—with far fewer accidents or mishaps than the mail drivers on our streets. But those unwise ones who tempt fate by climbing in a half-tested, half-inspected, ill-conditioned "ship" piloted by some happy-go-lucky, dare-devil chap often come down quicker and wiser than they ascended. Air safety, as in most other things, comes from adequate preparation and endless vigilance. Lindbergh's successful Atlantic flight came as a mature issue of his air-mail experience. As Curran said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"—and safety in flying. But where else is this not so? Flying when properly done in accordance with Government requirements as regards pilot and ship is safe; as safe and sure as any other form of transportation. Besides, it is cleaner, quieter, and quicker. It has compressed space and time within new limits that are fast being crowded closer as financial rewards begin to lure the designers on.

Commercial aviation may be said to be here in this regard that money is being made in flying and business men know it. Business men and business are beginning to depend upon its efficacy. It is beginning to "deliver the goods," in the parlance of the street. Corporations and individuals are using airplanes daily, weekly, yearly, for business purposes, and when carefully managed these lines and ships are showing a profit. Several of the new lines in operation in this country are even now flying on the right side of the ledger. But it takes careful management, rigid discipline, regular schedules, good ships, and an operating plan that realizes that a commercial airplane must support itself in the air financially as well as aerodynamically. The problems of management are there just as they are in railway, steamship, or motor-bus operation. One man makes a success, another doesn't.

It might be said that commercial aviation is developing in three strata; that is, there are at present three price groups, three types of craft each suitable for its particular purpose, each successful in its class. At the bottom is the single or double seater, corresponding to the roadster, selling at prices ranging from $3,500 to $7,500—little light passenger ships powered with small motors.

Above this class is another; ships selling for $9,000 to $15,000—single-motored planes, powered with 200-horsepower engines, and capable of carrying two to five passengers, comparable with the sedan or close-coupled small limousine.

At the top a class of three or more motored craft selling for from $45,000 to $100,000 or more, comparable with the large-size luxurious limousine or touring coach, which only a man of means or a corporation can afford to buy and maintain. Yet, strangely enough, it is this type of ship that is showing the greatest financial efficiency, although of course the single-motored is more efficient mechanically. It is paying its way in business. This type is a multi-motored plane, built with a large factor of structural safety. Whether it carries passengers, express, or freight, it needs somewhat of an organization behind it. In other words, it is generally operated by two or more skilled pilots, who alternate, or by the owner-aviator and a general all-round air mechanic-pilot. It needs a properly equipped field, a good runway, a

(Continued on page 345)

A FLYING FORD
One of the Ford commercial planes flying over the city of Detroit

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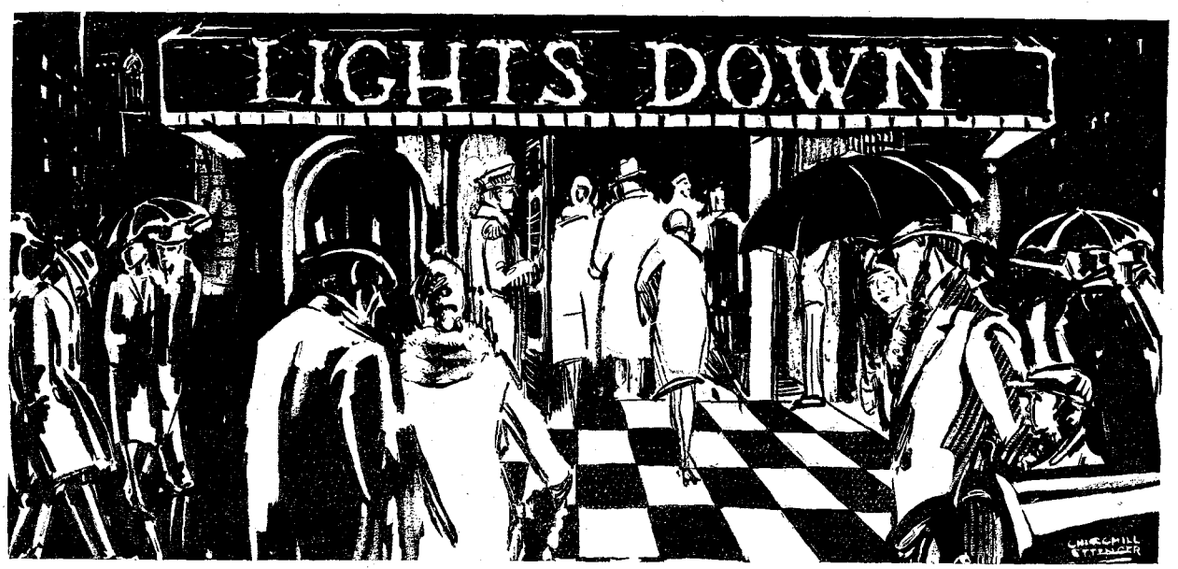

A Review of the New York Theatre

"The Good Hope"

THE brightly colored Holland of tulips and yellow sunshine, the dun Holland of gray rain and sibilantly crashing seas, the human Holland of fishing ships and fishermen's cottages, of ship-owners and sailors—all this is to be found, if you choose the right evening, at Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre, on Fourteenth Street.

More—an unforgetable portrait of a hard, rasping-voiced ship-owner with a granite face set toward making money out of fish and dominating the men and women of his village. A magnificent etching of a Dutch mother of sailors following dumbly what she considers God's will, though cursed by what appears to her as the weakness and wildness of her sons. And beyond this a slow tragedy of the men who comb the sea for fish and the women they leave behind them.

All this will reward the pilgrim to "The Good Hope" as effectively and dramatically presented by Miss Le Gallienne.

Let those who will search for the social irony—it is still there!—or the "propaganda" inherent in this play of Hermann Heijerman's, first produced in the Dutch theatre in the opening year of the present century. One man's truth is another man's propaganda. Any dramatist worth his salt must hold some conviction about human existence in its social sense. And complaint that the playwright twists the facts of life somewhat to prove the truth of his point of view is at least as old as Aristophanes.

No consideration of such criticism is necessary, in the darkened auditorium on Fourteenth Street, when the last act of "The Good Hope" grips you and you see the bright sunlight after the storm flooding the ship office of hard-fisted Clemens Bos.

You have known from the beginning that this never-glimpsed ship was unseaworthy—even Bos's daughter has been fearfully aware of it. Patient Kniertje's youngest has been dragged on board by the coastguardsmen. Fear has gripped every woman the night of the storm in Kniertje's cottage, and panic has run quivering along taut nerves at the sound of the rising wind and the sibilant crash of the angry seas beyond the hard-blown window-panes. Jo has one man's unborn child within her. Both Kniertje's sons are on board. And every woman huddled sewing about the lamp has paid the sea some toll. Even the old men in the sailors' home have heard the ugly rumor from the calkers.

Like a soundless discord, the knowledge has underlain the stories of the women, the songs and wine-soaked banter of the old sailors.

Premonition of it has crept on you through three acts of the slow, formless life of these Dutch fisherfolks as it sifted through the clean-swept room of Kniertje's cottage. Yes, you have known the Good Hope was going down.

And yet the stark fact that at last it has happened, and that this snarling, booted Dutchman, its owner, knew it would and cares for nothing except the insurance and escaping the wrath and curses of the widows—well, drama is upon you at last. All the threat of maddened men and women outside the windows, coming to murder this Judas of the fisherfolk, beats upon you. The fear in Clemens Bos's heart goes tap, tap, inside you. And his meanness to his wife, his browbeating of his bookkeeper, his overawing of his daughter through sheer force of personality—all these succeed not at all in allaying the mounting suspense.

Not until they burst in, finally—the widows, Jo, Kniertje, the old sailors—and you realize that, despite it all, despite his criminal greed and their righteous anger, Clemens Bos is by far the strongest of them all; not until then can you relax for an instant in your seat and wait for the slow, final tragic departure of Kniertje, her sons sent to death to satisfy her romantic idea of duty (while Clemens Bos took the profits) and her reward a grudging word of praise from him and a cold dish of charity from his wife.

Such is the impression the play leaves upon the modern beholder—a play that says that one strong evil man, seeing his reality, can destroy a dozen whose vision of themselves is obscured.

Here is excellent dialogue. Salty, vigorous, real talk—so genuine that at times the sense of being in a theatre departs entirely from the spectator, and any idea that one human being concocted what is taking place upon the stage is absurd.

Here, too, is fine "theatre," that gains rather than loses by its slow, mounting drama and quiet curtains, and absence of quick scenes running swiftly to climaxes of plot.

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From the technical standpoint it is the essence of realism. Had Sinclair Lewis been a Dutchman and possessed of Galsworthy's ability to assess the true values of human character, even he would have found it difficult to equal its observation and realistic detail.

It presents in addition two Rembrandt pictures—one, the old men about the table singing in their cups; the other, the women about the yellow lamp in the storm-swept cottage at night.

When the Civic Repertory Theatre presents such fare as this, the public is certainly the gainer. For Broadway producers are not apt to revive such a play for the money in it, when fortune can be tempted more easily by new farces and melodramas which hold out the possibility of long, profitable runs. And amateurs would find it difficult to catch and hold the stage pictures necessary to a convincing presentation.

In any event, no one who sees it can deny Eva Le Gallienne's genius as a producer, nor minimize the contribution she is making to intelligent entertainment.

Such first-class evenings are rare.

F. R. B.

Our Own Theatre List

Still With Us

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history which might have been a great play if genuine emotion had been substituted for wise-cracking. An amusing evening, as it is.

New Faces

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Escape," The Booth.—Strung on a thin thread, but the most satisfying play on Broadway.

"Porgy," Guild Theatre.—A colorful presentation of Negro life on the Charleston water-front.

"Pickwick," Empire.—All right, if you like "Pickwick Papers." If not, use your own discretion.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

"Balieff's Chauve-Souris," Cosmopolitan.—"Mother Goose" under one arm, the "Arabian Nights" under the other.

"An Enemy of the People," Hampden's Theatre.—It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

Musical Shows

"Hit the Deck," Belasco.—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.—Has nearly everything.

"Good News," Chanin.—We haven't seen it, but our friends like it.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

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TWO MEN were talking in a club-house reading room.

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The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how by paying only about 1½% more I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt. That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed *that*. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'—and now the family will have an income of $100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

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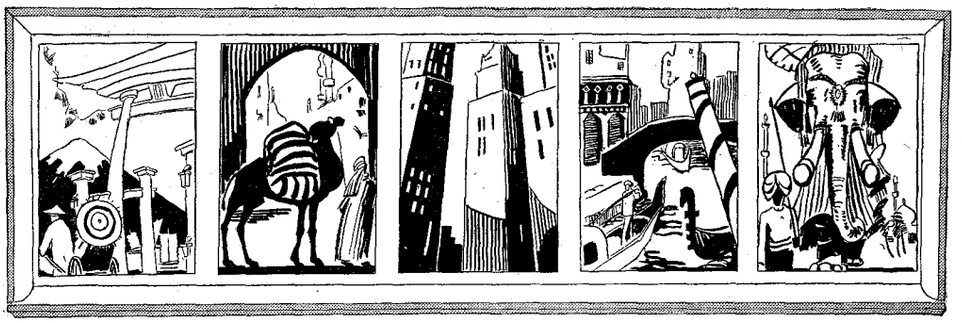

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

DOPE is the worst international menace the world faces just now. To most Americans opium means smoking-dens in the Orient. It should mean a sinister smuggling trade in narcotics—literally increasing violent crime in the United States, supplying drug fiends and offering the destructive dream-inspiring white powder of heroin to boys and girls even in high school.

Any one who does not realize what an immediate threat the drug traffic is to American homes I would urge to get and read "Opium," by John Palmer Gavit—an accurately dramatic study of this unscrupulous world commerce.

The fight against it is to be carried on by an International Narcotic Defense Association, proposed at the World Conference on Narcotic Education lately in New York. The shame of the civilized peoples of the West and of their Governments is that such an Association is necessary, for it is in their territories that the business is based, largely in certain European countries.

Manufacture of these drugs calls for a highly developed chemical industry such as only we of the Occidental nations possess. If we had the courage and decency we profess, we could crush the evil. News that the Chinese Nationalist administration at Nanking is planning an ambitious program for suppression of opium smoking by high taxes is encouraging, but opium eating and smoking from China to India is by far the less vital part of the problem compared with the world-wide growth of the use of drugs. The battle with that enemy must be won in the West.

CENSORS *in China are superior even to dictators. Chang Tso-lin, Generalissimo of the armies of the Northern Government at Peking, has lately authorized press interviews which the Board of Censors refused to pass with the Chinese equivalent for "O. K." So correspondents are resorting to Japanese-controlled territory to get their news out. In central and southern China censorship is less strict, but there are now so many Nationalist centers—one at Nanking, one at Hankow, and a new one rumored at Canton—that the conflict of authority is just as troublesome.*

How can outsiders expect to understand what is happening in China when the Chinese themselves do not know?

HAM AND EGGS and hot cakes for breakfast seem to have accomplished something for good relations between Mexico and the United States. A few days ago Ambassador Morrow visited President Calles at his ranch near Mexico City, and after such a breakfast they spent four hours walking about the farm and talking through an interpreter about soils, stock raising, and statecraft. North of the Rio Grande many people who think well of starting off the day in that fashion will gain confidence in the Mexican Executive by discovering that he does not insist on *tamales, tortillas,* and *chile con carne.*

The friendly personal approach that Mr. Morrow is making to the Mexican officials is the best possible omen. It is significant that President Calles invited him to that informal breakfast after he had delivered his credentials with the remark: "It is my earnest hope that we shall not fail to adjust outstanding questions with that dignity and mutual respect which should mark the international relationship of two sovereign and independent states."

That word "sovereign" caught the Mexican ear. On the principle of sovereignty hinge the disputes between Mexico and the United States about oil and land rights under the new Mexican Constitution. Our envoy's wise emphasis on respect for Mexican independence has created a reassurance in Mexican minds which should open the way to settlement of all difficulties.

MANY UNPLEASANT THINGS *are being said of us in Latin America, and more are being thought, according to Ambassador Poindexter, home from Peru. He attributes political, racial, and social propaganda against the United States to British, Russian, and other European sources. But some basis for any such campaign must exist, or it cannot make headway. And we do not have to look away from South America for sources of unfriendly criticism.*

President Coolidge has shown that he recognizes the importance of Latin-American sentiment by appointing for the Pan-American Congress in Cuba next January a delegation headed by former Secretary Hughes, Ambassador Morrow, and former Senator Underwood. With such men in charge, we may hope that our policy toward Latin America will be fixed on lines that will offset any propaganda in South America—native or foreign.

TO THE CREDIT OF INDIA—and of Miss Katherine Mayo—be it said that the Indian Assembly has approved in principle the legislative prevention of child marriage. Miss Mayo exposes this ancient Hindu practice in her book "Mother India." Evidently her study has made an impression not only on American and European but on some Indian minds—despite the remonstrances of Mahatma Gandhi. Mr. Acharya, an orthodox Brahmin Deputy, who formerly opposed the suggested measure, said in a notable speech that his wife favored it and that he would support its reference to a select committee. There,

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by vote of the Assembly, it rests. It is intended to render invalid the conscience clauses in the marriages of girls below twelve and boys below fifteen. The fact that it is up for consideration, with a chance for adoption, is, I submit, largely the achievement of one clear-headed and humane-hearted American woman.

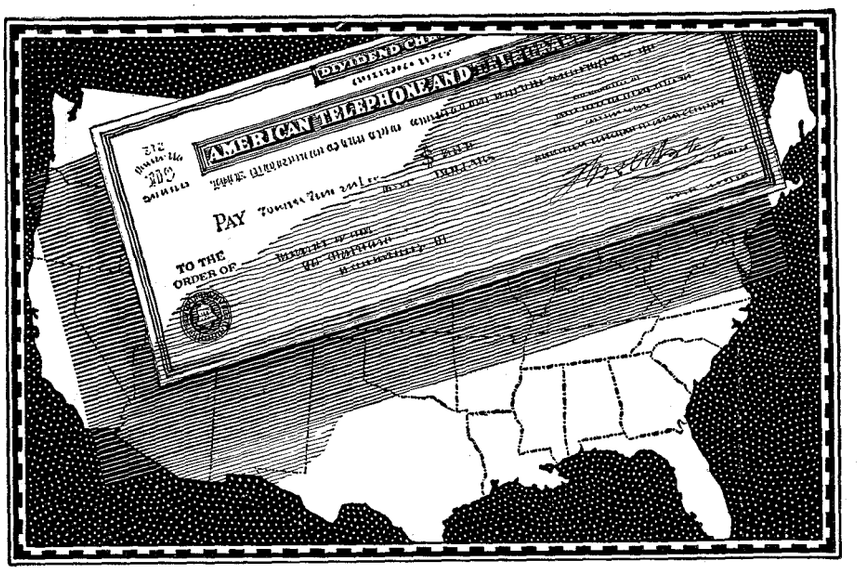
THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT *is ready to pay the debts and revolutionary damage claims of the United States in return for recognition "provided that such a settlement would not constitute a precedent compelling Russia to grant similar treatment to other countries." So reports the American trade-union delegation to Soviet Russia in a plea for recognition of the Moscow Government. An interesting new idea for private and public finance in settlement of preferred debts: "I'll pay you what I owe you so we can do business—as long as it's not a precedent!"*

UNCLE SAM sees no objection to General José Maria Moncada as President of Nicaragua—although he was Commander-in-Chief of the Liberal forces in the late revolt against President Diaz. The State Department recognized Diaz, and sent in United States marines, who stopped the civil war and made the rebels hand over their guns—all except one Sandino, still rampaging around in the northern hills and rallying insurrectionists. Sacasa, the leader of the Liberals, protested bitterly. Now he is practicing medicine in Guatemala, while his Chief of Staff, who acquiesced and held his peace at the time, is in Washington being patted on the back.

Citizens of the United States are to supervise the elections. Study of Nicaraguan laws and of the Convention of 1923 with the Central American republics, so despatches from the capital say, convinces the State Department that no grounds would exist for refusal to recognize Moncada, if successful. But it feels quite differently about General Chamorro, the leading Conservative of Nicaragua. It sustains an attitude of coldness toward Chamorro on the ground of the same Central American Convention, arguing that his occupancy of the post during the present term debars him. Actually Chamorro is the man who drove out the elected Liberal administration and then got Diaz put in office by the Congress when the United States refused to recognize him after his military overthrow of the Government.

The State Department states in clear terms that it is playing no favorites in Nicaragua. It is all very sad for Chamorro and Sacasa. They should be more careful about heading rebellions. But if it leads to orderly elections, restoration of representative administration, and withdrawal of the marines, it will probably be for the good of Nicaragua.

MUSSOLINI *has announced that there will be no further "celebrations, manifestations, inaugurations, anniversaries, and centenaries, either large or small, nor speeches of whatever caliber" in Italy. His reason is that the authorities must not be distracted from their duties nor the people wearied with too many holidays! Supposedly his ban upon speeches includes his own. At any rate, Italians should welcome suppression of public addresses as the greatest benefaction of Il Duce. Cannot this one Fascist principle be applied in America?*



How many are 421,000 stockholders?

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

ON OCTOBER 15th, American Telephone and Telegraph Company checks representing the 152d dividend were mailed to its 421,000 stockholders. That is the largest number of stockholders of any company in the world. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by a great investment democracy. Its dividend checks are cashed at banks in every state in the Union, by people representing all trades, stations and professions.

No institution is more nationally or publicly owned than the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which in turn owns more than 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell national System. The average holding is 26 shares, and no one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The Bell System was developed in the interest of telephone users and is owned by the public that it serves.

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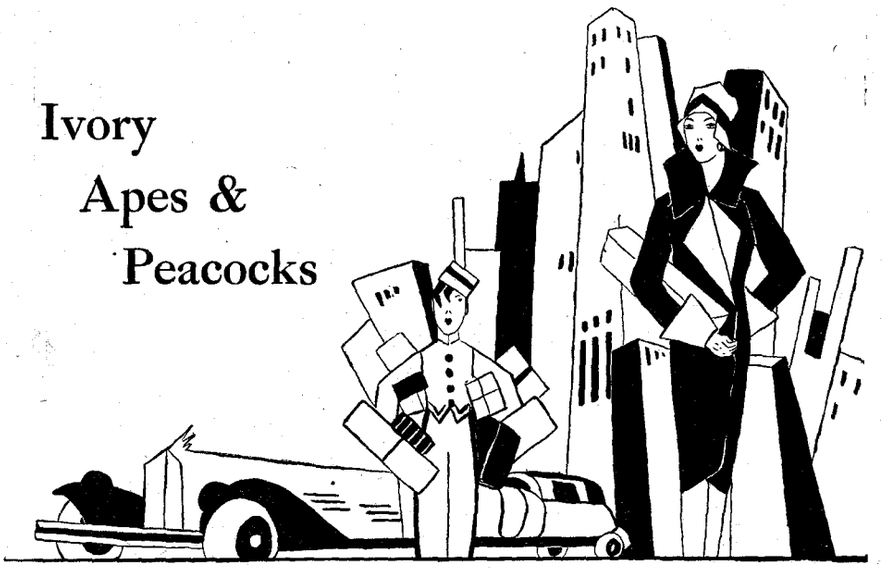
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

WHEN we were in our teens, we spent a summer at a seaside hotel with our aunt. Every evening after dinner we had to play a game of backgammon with our aunt before we were free to follow our own devices. Although our aunt invariably won, we still think that our play showed a superior brilliancy and *finesse,* since our endeavor was to lose as speedily as was consistent with an appearance of good faith. And our aunt never suspected us. To this day she believes us to be a skillful, but calamitously unlucky player of games. Needless to say, she does not take The Outlook.

As a result of this, we have always had a warm spot in our heart for the old backgammon boards, and it was with pleasure that we learned recently that they are coming back into favor. Abercrombie & Fitch reports a great demand for them, and we are informed that backgammon clubs have been formed and backgammon tournaments are being held all over the country. Like all the best games, it is centuries old.

Another new game which is very popular is Gee Wiz, an English importation. Six little horses race in grooves up an incline propelled by little metal shot which are driven up against them by a mechanism at the bottom. Each horse is a different color; you place your bets, and when the winner reaches the top he flips up a little metal flag of his color. Basically, this game is old, too—as old as horse racing.

Keno is a game which has lapsed from polite society for many years, but which is again becoming fashionable. The new keno sets at Abercrombie & Fitch's have a cage holding ninety numbers. We are informed that it is a very exciting game. Personally, we have never played it.

A new development for the bridge player is the bridge set with tiles instead of cards. The tiles are about the same size and shape as the Mah Jong tiles of blessed memory, and the game played from racks. This has found favor particularly among travelers.

WHATEVER we may think today of the pre-Raphaelites, we have to be grateful to them for having given friendly encouragement to Arthur Lasenby Liberty when he opened his shop in London for the manufacture of the silks which we have come to associate with his name. Our mothers and grandmothers wore these materials, and the hand-blocked silks and scarves which Liberty still makes carry on the tradition effectively.

We saw some of these things the other day at McCutcheon's, which has the New York agency for Liberty goods. The designs in which the squares and scarves and shawls are printed are not only unusual, they are good. Which doesn't always follow. Witness some of the weird batiks that have been offered to us in the past decade. And there is a wide range for choice both in designs and color combinations. Some of these scarves have been made up into handbags.

Then there is the colored table damask. This—except for very formal dinners—is coming into more general use. Some people feel that colored table linen lacks dignity, but these cloths and napkins are by no means garish. Some have the design simply in a deep border; others in an all-over pattern of yellow or green or soft rose on a white or tinted ground. Combined with the colored glass and colored candles which have been so much used recently, these soft, clear colors are pleasing without being bizarre. We feel, however, that—if you wanted to be strict with your color scheme—you would have to use care in planning the menu. A few sliced tomatoes, for instance, would æsthetically knock your dinner into a cocked hat.

We saw also a hand-painted tablecloth. A design of roses was woven into the damask and the flowers and leaves painted unobtrusively in very faint tints. Ourself, we didn't care for it much, although with the proper table decorations it might be very effective.

Liberty makes the Tudric pewter, containing no lead, which we mentioned last week. There were teasets, serviette rings, boxes, and some very friendly looking little ale tankards with lids. Some of the Moorecraft pottery, which Liberty also makes, has pewter mountings.

We liked the Liberty cretonnes very much. None of those muddy colors and shaky designs that you see in so many otherwise well-appointed houses.

OF interest to those travelers whose bag or suitcase is always either too large or too small for its contents is the Revelation suitcase. Other adjustable bags have gone before, but the telescope bag is clumsy, and the case that has a sort of accordion fold at one side is apt to be both clumsy and rather heavy. The Revelation has adjustable hasps and hinges, so that it can be extended or compressed, and is no heavier than an ordinary suitcase and smart in appearance. It has been suggested that it would be a splendid bag for burglars to carry. A suit of clothes and half a dozen oyster forks can be carried without rattling, yet a larger haul can as easily be accommodated. With the Revelation you make the bag fit the contents, instead of making the contents fit the bag.

W. R. B.

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Is Commercial Aviation Here?

(*Continued from page 339*)

hangar and all that goes with it, so its upkeep cost is not low; yet when operated in a businesslike manner this form of plane is efficient, safe, and gives reliable service. Such a plane is, roughly, 75 feet wide, 50 feet long, 13 feet high. It has a cruising speed of 100 miles per hour, a high speed of 120 miles per hour, a radius of action of 500 miles or five hours' travel. It will carry ten passengers or their equivalent in freight if it does not exceed 300 cubic feet, the capacity of the cabin. These modern air-liners have, in addition to the full complement of chairs, a writing-desk, sleeping-berths, a smoking-room, fully equipped toilet-room, baggage compartment, and a full all-around-visioned, completely instrumented double-pilots' compartment with map desk, controls, and every navigational device for flying in darkness or in fog as well as by day. Lights in the wings, special searchlights for landing, are also part of the modern air-liner fitments. The weight of such an aircraft is about 5,750 pounds—yet it will fly with some 3,550 pounds of passenger or freight load more than 100 miles per hour.

Recently, while in Detroit, I visited the Ford Airport and saw the new Ford tri-motored transport—*no, not the new Ford car,* but the airplane. It is of all-metal construction; the wings and fuselage—in fact, nearly all the parts of the plane—are of duralumin, a copper-aluminum alloy as strong as structural steel but only one-third as heavy. It is powered with three Wright Whirlwind air-cooled engines, any two of which will fly the plane. In general form a monoplane, this craft presents many new and unusual features, important ones being the manner in which all outside wires and trusses and other parasitic resistances have been eliminated. The gasoline tanks are mounted in the wings, which, by the way, are constructed with internal trusses in such a way that all strains are absorbed inside the wing structure, no exterior wiring being needed. The body is made with transverse bulkheads, with the corrugated duralumin metal skin formed over it.

One steps directly into a roomy interior, upholstered and comfortably arranged, with a sizable aisle between the seats, ample head room, plenty of light—altogether, such an interior as one is accustomed to in a modern motor car of the more luxurious type. I learned that several of these ships were in daily use, that business men and corporations were

McCutcheon's

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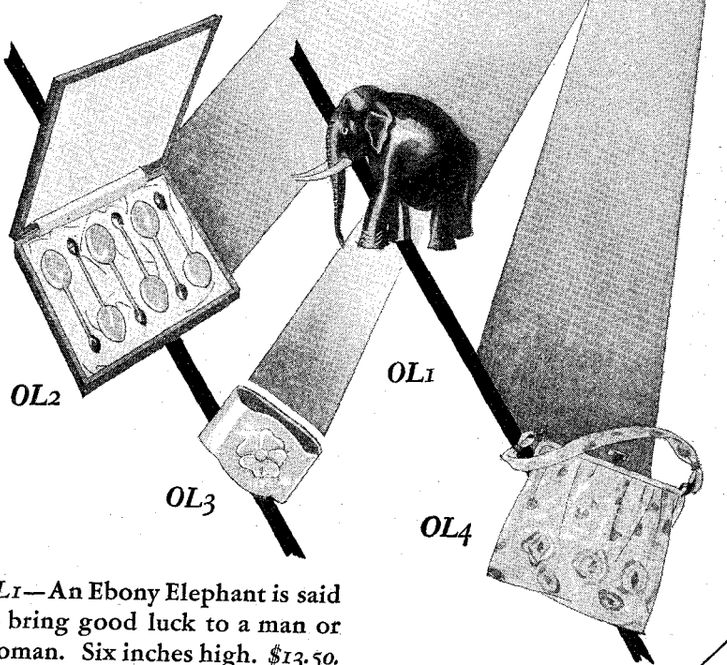

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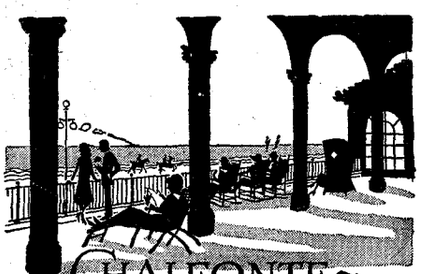

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buying them and using them with little more hesitation, after the first flush of ownership wore off, than their favorite coach or landaulet. One group of vice-presidents had had breakfast in Chicago and dinner in Denver, flown 1,036 miles in a day, and felt none the worse for it. In fact, one got 3½ hours' sleep on the way, and said he had never slept better in his life. It is an interesting fact that flying is a most restful form of transportation. One can hear little noise inside the plane; its walls are soundproofed, and the little there is soon lulls one to sleep—that is, if one is a passenger. The pilot, by the way, is too busy looking in three directions and at his instruments between times to indulge. Besides, as one of our minister's-son-aviators says, "What doth it profit a man if his wife be a widow?"

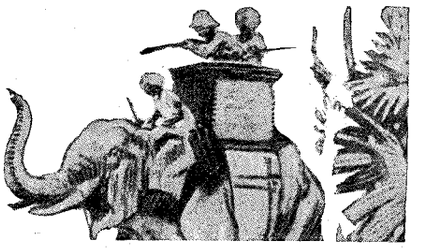
Having a curiosity to know how much profit might be expected from the operation of such a plane, I asked one of the Ford officials, William B. Stout, who, under Mr. Ford's direction, is responsible for the development of this new division of the Ford Motor Company. He said:

"What it costs to operate depends very largely on the management and to a considerable extent on the route to be flown. It is fundamental that the greater number of hours that the plane can be kept in the air, the greater the dividends and the lower the operating cost.

"But little profit can be expected from anything less than four hours per day in the air. On the possibility of six hours per day in the air, the cost should be, with proper management, around 75 cents per mile, or a 100-mile trip can be made at a cost of $75, including all possible overhead, insurance, etc. With ten passengers over this short route at $15 each, the earnings per trip would be $150 and the profit $75, and a six-day-per-week basis would approximate $450.

"As the mileage per day goes down, the cost per mile goes up, this, of course, depending on the management. We have a great deal of data based on thousands of miles of flying on several different routes under all kinds of weather conditions, which we are using, and will pass on to others interested in operating our planes. This knowledge may mean all the difference between a big success and colossal failure."

And so the answer is: Commercial aviation is here. But it is still only a lusty infant needing constant care, a regular schedule of feeding, plenty of air, frequent changing, and a good spanking now and then. But it will grow. Time will attend to that.



The Thousandfold Thrill of Life

A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines, are put before us in Kipling's stories and poems—says the editor of The Warner Library—so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures responsive to the thousandfold thrill of life.

An electric cable, a steam-engine, a banjo, or a mess-room toast offer occasion for song; and lo! they are converted by the alchemy of the imagination until they become a type and an illumination of the red-blooded life of mankind. The ability to achieve this is a crowning characteristic and merit of Rudyard Kipling's work.

Had Kipling stopped with his rollicking ballads of the barrack-room he would have won his place in the hall of famous poets, but he went further and higher as the uncrowned laureate of the English-speaking people.

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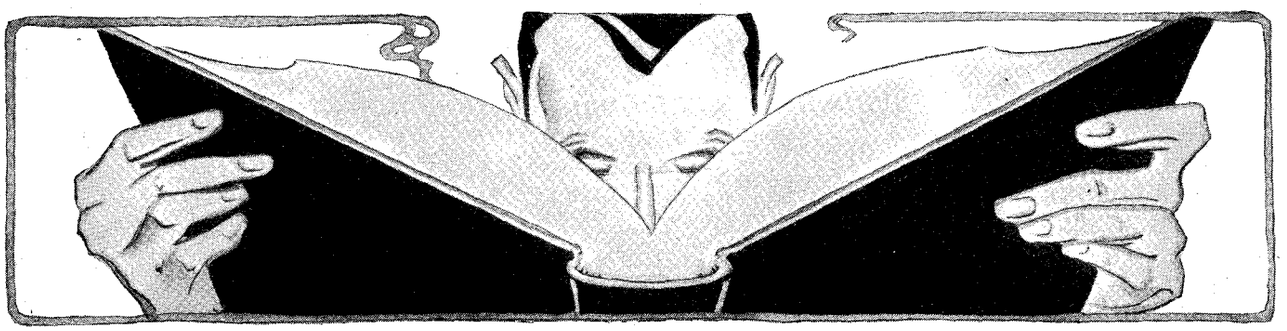

Concerning an American Industry

By PARKHURST WHITNEY

ONCE a year, in the foreword to his collection of American short stories, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien remarks: "My selection of these does not imply that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one."

The words have a wistful sound. And why not? It is possible to disagree with Mr. O'Brien's choice of "bests" and still acknowledge that he is badly paid for his fearful labor. What a task to set one's self! It is not flippant to put the writing of short stories among the leading American industries. The proof is on any news-stand.

So many bright magazines and almost never a great story; seldom one that is moving and memorable. Why?

A few years ago Sherwood Anderson wrote a story called "I'm a Fool." A boy meets a girl at an Ohio race-track. In an exalted, show-off mood he tells her that he is the son of a country banker who has a horse entered in one of the trotting events. Later in the day he knows that he loves her, and that his love is returned. Simultaneously he knows that they have been parted irrevocably at the moment of meeting. She is the sweetest girl he has ever known. The sweetest he ever will know. No help for him, though. The lie has parted them. Such a stupid lie cannot be explained without chilling fatally the dawn of their tenderly passionate attachment.

What! True lovers parted forever? It must not be. It need not be. There is a way around such dilemmas. Let the girl turn out to be the banker's daughter. Let her laugh the lie away. Let a thousand lies be laughed away before romance is blighted.

The typical American short-story writer, in a word, works with a bag of tricks. Be respectable, be humorous, be "glad." Get action. Never mind character portrayal; the illustrations will take care of that. Begin with a punch and end with a crack of the whip. Make the story long enough to break over into the advertising section. Practice these rules diligently, and you need not envy rich men. You will be one yourself.

Now, if a certain theme lends itself to a brisk telling, then that is the way it should be told; and if the whip can crack inevitably at the end, then let us hear it. But it has happened that the average writer has come to stand in relation to his theme as Procrustes to his guests. The bed is the rigid form in which the short story has become fixed. The form is frequently perfect, but the content is as frequently piffle, a bauble from Woolworth's in a Tiffany setting.

Anderson, brooding over his situation, saw that life had made a fool of the boy. The lesser artist makes a fool of life.

Anderson's story rests on a lonely eminence, true, poignant, and purging. But since he wrote other men and women have written to show that any way is a good way to tell a story if truth shines out of it. Ring Lardner has written "Golden Wedding" and "Some Like them Cold;" Ruth Suckow has published "Four Generations;" and more recently Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers" seems likely to make 1927 memorable for Mr. O'Brien. It should.

"Golden Wedding" is a monologue told on a train. But a whole life is unfolded in the telling; yes, a whole stratum of American life. "Some Like Them Cold" is in the form of letters. But what a solid, human girl emerges! "Four Generations" is a variant of the melting-pot theme; as trite as that. A commonplace German-American family has a reunion and talks of commonplace things. Nothing happens. But there is a piercing gleam of light at the end when the doddering German great-grandfather and his little American great-granddaughter try to comprehend each other across the space of years. Ernest Hemingway's powerful tale sounds the inexorable note that is heard in "I'm a Fool."

The artist may use fantasy as his medium, but his art takes its validity from a realistic observation of the affairs of men. And the affairs of men will not invariably fit into a pretty package just so wide and just so long. There are situations that end in hope, in irony, or in resignation; events that come to no stirring climax, but break off as life breaks off. These are stories, too, and they want telling. Whether we lay them down with a sigh or a smile we are wiser and fuller for having read them. They add to the sum of our experience and illuminate the dark and troubled places of our own hearts.

The tendency of the modern writers, the younger men, is to utilize these fragments, the same fragments that de Maupassant used, and Tchekov, and Stephen Crane. Hemingway's collection of short stories, "Men Without Women," deals largely with themes the popular writer would not touch; if he did, he would mar them.

The popular writer protests that he must meet the specifications of the editor. The editor says that he is merely the servant of his readers. The readers —but who can know the preferences of five hundred thousand, a million, or three million subscribers? For such editors as have that godlike gift there is something significant in the immense success of the so-called confession magazines. Bad as they are, they represent an attempt to get away from the stale

(Continued on page 350)

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Who Cares?

TO and fro, between the marshaled forces of book reviews and publishers' blurbs in battle array, with the petty tumult of nursery warfare, goes the quarrel about the authenticity of Trader Horn. Is he real or did Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis make him up? His picture appeared in the Sunday paper, but any old man with a beard might have been induced to sit for that for a bit of the royalties. Galsworthy called on him in South Africa; but Galsworthy is a novelist, and knows what really matters. Who cares? Who cares whether an old English sailor become a peddler of trivets and teakettles did wander up to the back door of a house and fill the eager ears of a lady who has done some writing before now with a story out of the golden book of romance, or whether the lady, who has made up people out of her head before, made up this particular one, and made him the sort of person that Americans like to read about? Probably Trader Horn is real and Mrs. Lewis is gifted. At any rate, they have, between them, produced a book which is deservedly popular.

In the tranquil blue eyes of old men whose lives have been spent in lonely and majestic places—the sea, the windy plains, the mountains—there is a look which is the envy and despair of city dwellers.

Americans are city people, wherever they live. The spirit of their adventuring forefathers is spent; all of it exhausted in one great and gallant effort. Adventure lingers in their dreams, their wistful heritage. Is it surprising that they turn to books like "Trader Horn" for the escape by daylight which comes to them at night, and which they long for whose dreams are childlike and whose days are lonely?

For "Trader Horn" holds all the courage in the face of all the danger that they could ask. It is rich with the color of the sea, and of the forest, of naked savages and bedizened roughs. It is bright with terrible and relentless life. It holds all glamourous romance in the span of one life. And there is truth in it; children's truth; truth which the grown man who lives in cities has forgotten, which he will scorn when he lays down the book and turns back to work. But it is truth that he remembers in his dreams.

What They Are Reading

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS is compiled from lists sent us by telegram on Saturday by the following bookshops: Brentanos, New York; Old Corner Book Store, Boston; Scrantoms Inc., Rochester; Korner & Wood, Cleveland; Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney, St. Louis; Kendrick Bellamy Company, Denver; Teolin Pillot Company, Houston; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. We asked these stores to co-operate with us each week because we believe that they are representative of the taste of the more intelligent readers in their communities. The books which are most in demand in these shops are usually those which are most discussed. We believe that they are the books which Outlook readers will want to know more about.

Fiction

KITTY. By Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.

If you like a machine-made story, animated by living people and touched by plenty of "wholesome" sentiment, you will enjoy this typical Deeping story of post-war England.

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co.

If setting which is novel and pleasing, caricature which is brilliant, and story which is commonplace compensate you for flat and lifeless character drawing, you will enjoy this book, which won the "Atlantic Monthly" prize. It was reviewed at length in the issue of November 2.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.

This biography in fiction form has a beauty which holds life in suspension and creates a moving atmosphere. Any reader who appreciates fine prose style, rich coloring, and rounded characters will find this book delightful. Reviewed at length in issue of October 26.

DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamund Lehmann. Henry Holt & Co.

If your interest can be held by a long and humorless picture of the fluttering emotions of a section of present-day adolescence bound together by a fine poetic talent, you will like this. And you will want to read it if you are interested in young writers very gifted and worth watching.

RED SKY AT MORNING. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Those who read and rejoiced in "The Constant Nymph" will want to read this new novel by the same author. The settings and characters are somewhat similar, but Margaret Kennedy understands them, and again makes them vivid and enthralling. As in the first book, the children in "Red Sky" are particularly delightful. Though the effect of these very similarities is to make this book seem less of an achievement than the other, it is decidedly worth reading.

Non-Fiction

TRADER HORN. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.

Reviewed in this issue.

MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

In view of the wide circulation in America of this admirable piece of partisan reporting, it is a pity that the comments upon it by Mukerji, Gandhi, and some English reviewers cannot be also read. It is this reviewer's opinion that not more than one in ten of the people who read this book are interested in knowing anything about India; and it seems likely that it will undo much of the work that has been done toward creating sympathy between this country and that.

NAPOLEON. By Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright (erroneously attributed in last week's issue to Little, Brown & Co.).

You will find the reading of this fine biography a rewarding experience. It was reviewed at length in last week's issue.

BISMARCK. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co.

In those who will read it as history the book presupposes more knowledge of Bismarck's Germany than most

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Americans have. But as the biography of a great genius it is a book which any one can read with eager interest. It was reviewed in last week's issue.

NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Christopher Robin's talent as a poet again makes him, what older poets rarely are, a best-seller. If your household needs enlivening or pulling together, you can do no better than by taking home a copy of this book.

The Inevitable Leeway

The Runner's Thoreau

THE HEART OF THOREAU'S JOURNALS. Edited by Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin Company.

To read Thoreau has seemed to many not precious even, but pedantic. He has figured in many minds as a naturalist whose writings could interest only such individuals as might be expected to pursue birds in the spring with opera-glasses or to go out botanizing. Or he has been accepted as the preacher of a loose and lazy back-to-nature doctrine, ridiculous in conscientious 1850, and much more so in constructive 1927. By coming across a chance quotation only did the general reader discover him to be a man thinking, whose thoughts were comprehensible and decidedly shareable. And so appreciation of this man whose contribution to American letters is of the greatest, whose interest for Americans is general, and whose gifts lie easily within the range of ordinary readers' tastes, has been left almost wholly to the scholarly.

It is a pity, because to read "Walden," the best-known and the most readily available of Thoreau's books, is a delightful and enriching experience for any one. Thoreau's sentiments and thoughts are those which, as he says, "visit all men more or less generally." He "recalled them from oblivion and fixed" them, not only for himself, but for any one who has felt their light footsteps in his mind and tried vainly to catch them. He set them down in a form which since Poor Richard's time has been agreeable to Americans. "Walden" and "The Week" are collections of apothegms, bright stones of thought, not particularly improved by having been set into a pattern. Most of the material in "Walden" and "The Week" was taken by Thoreau from his journals. He was primarily an observer and a journalist, and he set down in his journals his daily impressions during twenty-four years. The journals are not convenient of access to the average reader. For

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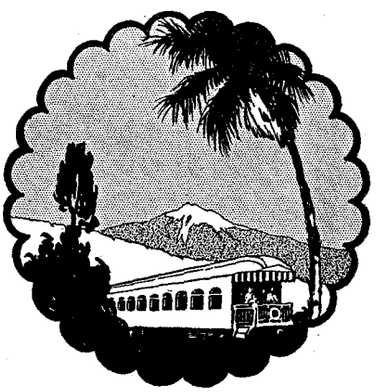

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one thing, they fill fourteen large volumes. For another, the reader must do his own sorting of their contents, must wade through an occasional morass of dullness, must sometimes extricate the naturalist from the philosopher's toils and *vice versa*. In the interests of this average reader, Odell Shepard has made a fine selection from the journals and produced a book which could with pleasure and profit be put into every American's library.

With pleasure first; because Thoreau undoubtedly wrote for the purpose of giving it. He seems to this reviewer to have had no impulse to preach or lead. He was a mystic by nature, an ascetic in his own life, and such is not the material from which preachers are made. He hoped, if anything, to show the beauty of simple pleasures. A man who wrote, "One grain of realization, of instant life, on which we stand, is equivalent to acres of the leaf of hope hammered out to gild our prospect," would have wished that his work, if it were read at all, be read for delight. He was wholly human, and never sentimental, although he could write of sentimental things. He wrote with equal richness and real humor of a marooned kitten signaling to a passing boat for rescue and embarrassing its rescuers, and of Mrs. S., lecturing on womanhood, and showing herself in an interview after the lecture to be "a woman in the too common sense, after all," in talking with whom "you had to substitute courtesy for sense and argument." His style may be sententious at times, but he handles words with charm and skill. He can be read always with pleasure.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

Concerning an American Industry

(Continued from page 347)

and mechanized tale and give the reader a sense of immediacy to reality, to the way real men and women meet their difficulties and achieve their ambitions.

When, by the way, will we see that fiction can be truer than life itself? That the artist, as creator and omniscient observer, can give us a fuller, rounder view of his people than we can ever hope to have of our most intimate associates?

William Dean Howells once pondered the American short story and asked three questions:

"Is it because American life is scrappy and desultory and instinctively seeks its expression in the sketch, the little tale, the miniature romance; or because the short story seems in all literature to find its development earlier than the full-sized novel? Did our skill in writing short stories create the demand for them in the magazines, or did the demand of the magazines foster the special skill?"

Mr. Howells did not attempt to answer his questions. Perhaps it was wiser at the time merely to pose them, hoping that they would set minds to thinking of the novel, which he considered the proper medium for men of letters.

The last question seems to belong with the riddle of the hen and the egg. Any schoolboy can answer the second. In the first there is meat as fresh as the day Mr. Howells propounded it.

The most ardent patriot would hardly deny that American life has been chaotic. More than that, the task of subduing a continent has absorbed the energies of men who, in a more settled state, would rather write history than make it. The experiment in democracy became a conquest by industry; and its glorification stifled talent and maimed genius, as Van Wyck Brooks has pointed out in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

Life in America has been exciting, it has had grand moments; but it has also been incalculable. And the first-rate artist, contrary to opinion, does not go about his business without calculating tendencies; indeed, he is acutely sensitive to them. For work on a great scale, for the novels that are the chief glory of a nation's literature, he must have a conviction of national direction, of unity in the largest sense. He must feel these things if only to oppose them.

It is not without significance that such writers as James Boyd and Joseph Hergesheimer, whose tempers are orderly and aristocratic, should go back to colonial days for their materials. It is not entirely for the specious pleasures of Montmarte that so many of our younger men are looking at America from France. It is that they may sort out their "scrappy" impressions away from the compulsion to be up and at it, to sell a bill of goods, to make Hokumville bigger, better, and brighter. It is to such detachment that we owe such a fine American novel as Glenway Wescott's "The Grandmothers."

If we are not precisely sure where we are going, nor whether we are going together, we have at least entered an age of caution. Else why is Mr. Coolidge the favorite of men? The worst of chaos has passed; and out of it has come the railroad, the telephone, the radio, the instruments by which our spiritual unity can be achieved. It will not hurt us to be a little standardized there, if our spiritual leaders are all right.

The writer believes that the change is already reflected in the publishers' lists. We are not getting great novels, but we are getting good ones; many more than Mr. Howells could see in his day. Let us look to them and to their authors, and not to be too much alarmed for the future of our literature.

The Harper Prize Novel

Three generations of Americans in an epic novel. "A fine and beautiful and sincere piece of work made out of thick, rich layers of life, out of human problems and personalities."
—*Harry Salpeter in the World.*

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By GLENWAY WESCOTT
Harper & Brothers $2.50

Fourth Week—Thirty-seventh Edition

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681 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me both your Fall and Children's Catalogues.
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By the Way

An Italian fruit merchant in New York City has been much annoyed by customers pinching his apples, pears, and peaches in order to see if they were ripe enough to eat. So he tacked up this sign: "If You Must Pincha Da Fruit, Pincha Da Cocoanut."

An advertisement in a theatrical weekly reads:

WANTED

Man who stays under water for 30 minutes in a sealed box. Box No. 581, The Billboard, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

One of the best places the New York police have for picking up escaped criminals and those wanted by the police in other cities is said to be the north side of the Times Building on Times Square. It is here that "all the home town papers" are sold.

A Sunday-school teacher was telling her class all about the missionaries who went out to foreign lands to convert the cannibals. "What do you think would be the first thing the missionaries should teach these cannibals?" asked the teacher. One bright little boy answered readily, "I know. They should teach them to be vegetarians."

The most famous of Bostonian town criers was "Old Wilson," 1808–41, who had a rude popular wit, common, we are told, to the profession. When announcing the Fourth of July dinner in Charlestown, certain denizens of that ancient place pestered him with inquiries as to the bill of fare, and elicited the reply that the dinner would be ample, with a pig at every plate. Another crier, according to the New York "Times," was Charles H. Chase, of Nantucket. Accosted by a jocose young lady, who inquired where he had obtained his bell, he replied, with a polite bow: "I obtained my bell, young woman, at the same place where you got your manners —the brass factory."

A Scotchman applied for a position as a patrolman on the London police force. Scotland Yard asked him this question: "Suppose, McFarland, you saw a crowd congregated at a certain point on your beat, how would you disperse it quickly, with the least trouble?" "I would pass the hat," answered McFarland.

"Ain't it grand," writes Abe Martin, "to wake up Monday mornin' an' find the family intact?"

Now that Roxy has called his new cinema theatre "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture," a Bronx, New York, theatre owner is founding a "Synagogue of the Movies."

The following classified advertisement under the heading "Situations Wanted" recently appeared in the New York "Evening Telegram:"

"Colored girl requires cleaning, 9 to 1 morning. Phone —— 2285."

It has been figured out by "Capper's Weekly" that the number of public officers on city, county, State, and Federal pay-rolls has increased sixty per cent in the last twelve years. "If everybody should work for the Government, would the country starve?" the paper asks, and answers: "No. Because in that case the Government would be running the farms as well as the machine shops, and also paying the salaries of the lawyers, doctors, teachers, and even editors."

Mrs. Petunia Riggs, says "Life," has at last located the squeak in the rear of her car which has been bothering her for the past few days. It was her husband requesting from the back seat that she drive a little slower.

From "Punch:"

She: "You might get the afternoon off and come with us. Ask leave to attend your grandfather's funeral."

He: "Not me. I'm not that sort of rotter. Besides, I'm in my grandfather's office."

An advertisement clipped from an Alabama paper: "Comfortable five-room cottage with bath occupied by owner."

From "Life:"

First newspaper headline writer: "Give me a synonym for 'finny tribe.'"

Second headline writer: "How about 'fish'?"

First headline writer: "Fine! I never thought of that."

Can you rearrange the following letters to make entirely different words? Each unit in this paragraph contains all the letters necessary to make a new word.

The red an, Cart horse, Rateably, Chesty, Tired crag, Reinmode, Flog water, Munuta, Talponceau, Nice mauls, Ocatapegs, Bryan hilt, Nathan sure, Drop a cub, Meat drill, Dewy danse.

Answer next week.

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This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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Mrs. Early Owen, Proprietress

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